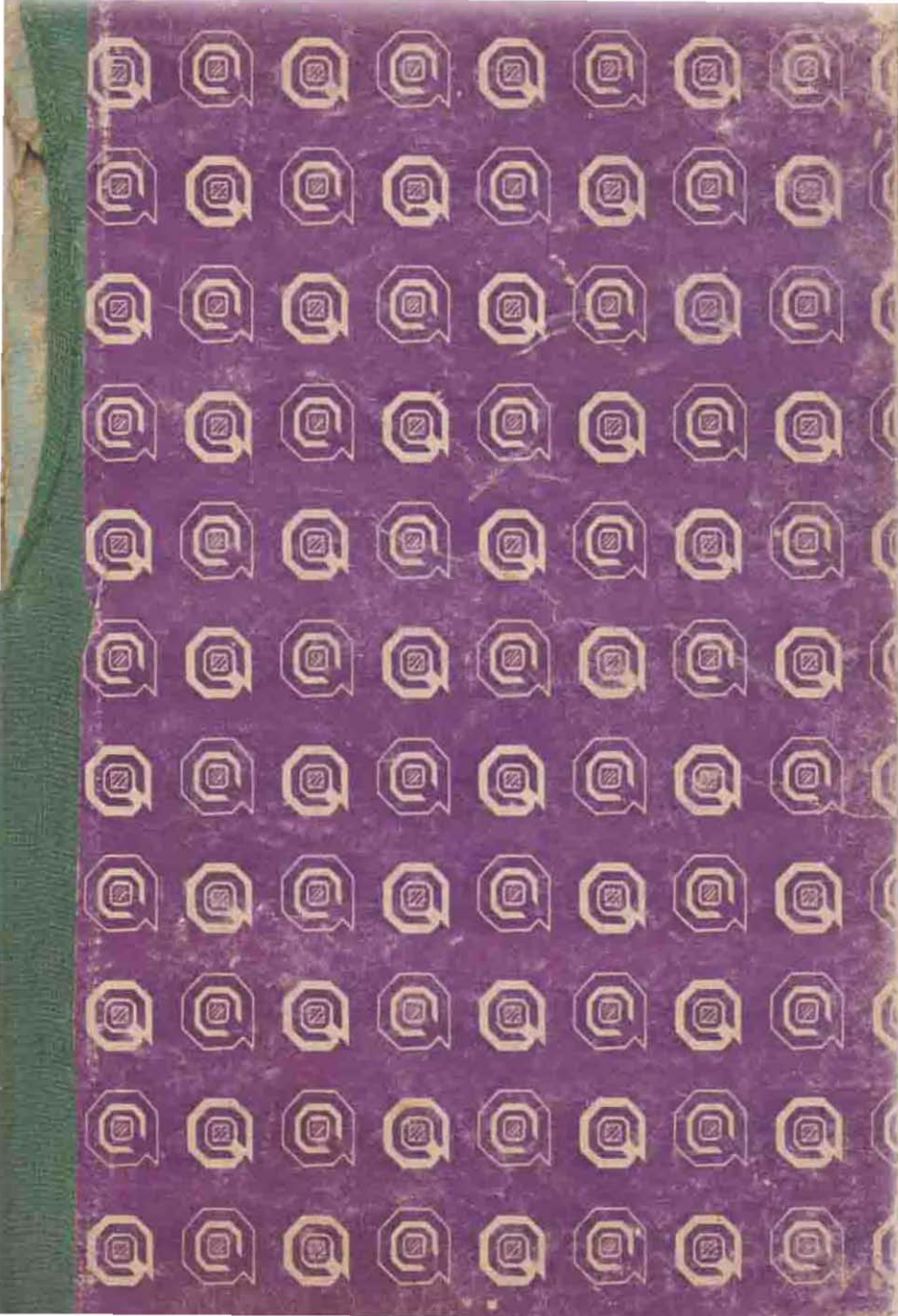






# ***THE JAPJI***

**GURU NANAK DEV'S**

**MASTER KEY—HOLY**

**To**

**THE MYSTERY OF DEIFICATION OF MAN**

**SHER SINGH**

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All the books that he published after 1939 he presented me a copy, which I preserve with pride.

First edition of the four Books, Japsahib, Sukhmani Anand Sahib and Daccani Oankar, were exhausted long ago.

Sardarni Jag Mohan Kaur, Mrs. Commander Jaspal Singh Chowdhury, who was gifted in abundance the admirable Characteristics of her father, planned to publish all the works, one by one. The first book, she selected. Is the one which is in the hands of the readers for which she made a munificent contribution of five hundred rupees. But alas her life was cut short! After a very brief illness she suddenly expired. Her sweet memory lingers in every ones heart who came in her contact. May God Grant her soul eternal peace !

As for the publication of the remaining works, we will shortly bring out Sukhmani sahib.

SAT SRI AKAL

2069/2, Guru Nanak Pura  
Ambala City.

Ram Singh  
Sardar Sahib, Retd. P.E.S.

# SYMBOLS OF THE NAM !

*All Subject are to Thy Command.*

*And no one can, from This, exempt be,  
If any one rose up to This—the HUKM—*

*O Nanak, He will be, from all selfhood, free !*

## Foreword

The JAPJI is the sublimest Sikh Scripture—so deep and condensed that the whole Guru Granth (folios 1430 big) is considered to be but a 'Commentary' on the same. I know there are many other translations already, but are not 'translators' very often said to be 'traitors' ? —for consciously or unconsciously, they put in the coloured wine of their own Imagination into the colourless-Bottle of the Spirit. I do not know whether I have suffered from this idiosyncrasy, but I have rejected many of my own translations which suffered from this defect.

The Japji is one concise but sustained plea, for adoption practical everyday life, of that Hidden, but none the-less Real, Principle which we call as the 'NAM' and which springs in you—in the Holy of Holies the Heartwithin, when it is saturated with SIMRAN or Remembrance-DIVINE. Hence, this is called as the JAP-NISAN, which means that the true indicator of our Simran is : Whether or not It has fructified into the HOLY NAME. The latter, it must be mentioned, is not a word of the dictionary, nor a 'Concept,—It is the Holiest, Abiding Principle, which when it comes,—stays on with you—and gives you real peep into the Infinite. More, it gives Charm to life making this dull drab life as a Romance of the Highest Order : this is why it is called the Harbinger of CHARDJ-KALA—of Ever-Mounting Joy,

Unfortunately, many people do not have the time or inclination to develop in this direction, but all time Sages and Devotees of the past had Living Touch with It, and not until we develop contact with the Same, that we can have Real Joy in life or have the distant objective of salvation.

The Commentary (that I wrote on the japji) has been left on the 'other' side of Hindustan, but I owed this to the Panth, as a sacred duty, and, I feel, that I could defer the publication of this no longer. In order to help the reader, I have added on the top 'headings' but for these I am afraid, one may soon slip from the Sublime into the palpably matter-of-fact, (if not absurd) The only commentary that could not be pushed out is a "leaf" from "my," own life—for without the Transfiguring effect which this Bani had on me, it would not be said to well—the proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof. To those who would like to know the more of the NAME should refer to the ATAM-DARSHAN and the WAHIGURU-DARSHAN by the same pen (in Gurmukhi) and the translation of the shri SUKHMANI and ANAND SAHIB (in English).

Here, we are brought in touch with Five Holy kingdoms' which take us to the Highest Spiritual Sumeru' namely the Spirit. There are no less than Five Kingdoms, the first being the Realm of Duty or Righteousness, which is basic need of all progress. It is true devotion to one's Duty which alone can take us higher into the second Kingdom, namely that in which Enlightenment comes so near to us that we see from spiritual (ethereal, in all that we see in the crude forms outside.) Thus, behind water, fire, air & hills there are subtle forms of the so-called 'elements' some of which are seen by the scientists, others by those who have the Inner Eye and can see it Hidden form. Thirdly, we find that behind it is sun and moon, there are not one but endless million and millions of them—there is, thus, may be called infinite creations in each and every direction. The scientist explores but a little fringe of this Great Reality Hidden, but the more he does so the more he comes into contact with finer and higher Forces, which makes his knowledge so powerful and destructive (or Constructive, as the case may be).

Higher still is the Kingdom of Beauty which, as we see here, comes not from collection of atoms and electrons, but from the Holy Word: the NAM as a result of spiritual discipline. Those who doubt this would do well

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to read Plato, the father of Philosophy, and Tagore—two confirmations, old and new, of spiritual Truth that has been revealed to us for all time in the penultimate-pauris of the Japji. It is this which makes the writing of commentary on the Japji so difficult and soulsearching operation. It is only by rising in Sirmran and in Nam-concentration that the Golden Gate, the SODAR: will be opened to you.

The Saram Khand is also the Realm of Humility—that which is here Rainbow Dyed with Beauty. It is, further, the Melting - Pot, the greatest Pot, wherein, through the Nam, the Holy Progress of 'Transfiguration' begins. It ends only when all the faculties : internal and external are Trans-illuminated ! - and you become (what may rightly be called) the PANCH I SEER—blest, ie, one who sees into Infinity ! - the Supreme One Who is not only transcendent but here, there and every where ! Then the Cup of your Heart is filled to the brim with Joy - Bubbling.

The Karam Khand comes when the 'little-self' becomes the Self-infinite, and you have the Divine Self itself working in you, ceaselessly and giving you eternal Peace and Bliss !

The last Stage, the HOLY of HOLIES, is Sri Sach Khand, the Realm of Reality-Absolute, and here we see in the great Spirit, "Seed-Ideas" or 'Archetypes' - paramount producing this 'that' and All ! in endless variety and infinity, but all subservient to the Great - Hukm. But for this Mystic - Content the 'Archetypes' Nirankar would be a non-entity or the Great Sunya - but He is All-in-All and And All-in-ONE ! SAT SRI AKAL !!

SHER SINGH.

JUNAGADH

D.C. Forests

1-8-50



ੴ ਸਤਿਗੁਰ ਪ੍ਰਸਾਦਿ ।



## THE SHRI JAPJI

**The Mystic-Most World of Sri Satguru Nanakdevji,  
The Mul-Mantram : The Definition of God :  
The Spirit-Timeless & Full of Grace !**

O ! one-in-all. o ! all-in one !

The omkar Thou-the womb-golden !

Root of righteousness and of truth,

Thy name is truth-sat-nam in sooth !

The creator Thou of all that is  
The person-pervasive, in eternal bliss !

Above all time, yea, eternity verily-

The Akal Purkh Thou-timeless one, free !

Fearing naught (for is there aught but Thee ?)

Discarding none (loving all, - he thee & me !)

Unborn, undying & from all wombs apart !

Self-seated, self-lighted, self-becot.

Thy-self (the light-of lights)-the master !

By Thy grace-Gur Parsad-Thou art our !

ੴ

ਸਤਿਨਾਮੁ

ਕਰਤਾ ਪੁਰਖੁ

ਨਿਰਭਉ

ਨਿਰਵੈਰੁ

ਅਕਾਲ ਮੂਰਤਿ

ਅਜੂਨੀ

ਸੈਭੇ

ਗੁਰ ਪ੍ਰਸਾਦਿ ॥

# THE JAPJI

## PART-I

### The Seed Formula :

### *Truth-Timeless !*

|                                               |                      |
|-----------------------------------------------|----------------------|
| The beginning Thou, of all that<br>kiss—      | ਆਦਿ ਸਚੁ ॥            |
| The truth of truths-ere all time's<br>kiss !  | ਜੁਗਾਦਿ ਸਚੁ ॥         |
| (With us) e'er: in all Times<br>Three—        | ਹੈ ਭੀ ਸਚੁ ॥          |
| Now, O Nanak, in past, and<br>in time-to-be ! | ਨਾਨਕ ਹੋਸੀ ਭੀ ਸਚੁ ॥੧॥ |

## I Five Basic Truths of Consciousness-Divine

### *The Axioms-Four & New Fifth !*

|                                                                                                                |                                                                            |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| By reasoning, we cannot<br>reason Thee out,<br>Tho' millions of time we<br>may think about !                   |                                                                            |
| By silence we cannot continue to silent be,<br>E'en tho' we were wrapped<br>up in ecstasy !                    | ਸੋਚੇ ਸੋਚਿ ਨ ਹੋਵਈ ਜੇ ਸੋਚੀ ਲਖਵਾਰ ।<br>ਚੁਪੇ ਚੁਪ ਨ ਹੋਵਈ ਜੇ ਲਾਇ ਰਹਾ<br>ਲਿਵਤਾਰ । |
| The hunger of the hungry<br>is not allayed,<br>E'en if all the world were<br>at their feet laid !              | ਭੁਖਿਆ ਭੁਖ ਨ ਉਤਰੀ ਜੇ ਬੰਨਾ<br>ਪੁਰੀਆਭਾਰ ।                                     |
| Many tho' the contrivance<br>and the makeshift,<br>Yet, they do not, from our<br>mind, the Dark Curtain lift ! | ਸਹਸ ਸਿਆਣਪਾ ਲਖ ਹੋਇ ਤੇ ਇਕ<br>ਨ ਚਲੈ ਨਾਲਿ ।                                    |
| How may we discover the<br>Truth ?                                                                             |                                                                            |

Yea, into the great reality  
slip ?

Saith Nanak, let's the Will,  
discover,

Discovering, let's firmly to  
the Same surrender !

Implanted in us, all is this  
Will Divine

To discover it, is to fall  
into the line !

ਕਿਵ ਸਚਿਆਰਾ ਹੋਈਐ ਕਿਵ ਕੂੜੇ  
ਤੁਟੈ ਪਾਲਿ ।

ਹੁਕਮਿ ਰਜਾਈ ਚਲਣਾ ਨਾਨਕ  
ਲਿਖਿਆ ਨਾਲਿ ॥੧॥

## II Hukm or The Divine Command

*At the Back of All !*

At Thy Bidding transcending  
words,

All bodies into being spring.

At Thy Bidding, living things  
are born.

And many of them great glory  
bring !

At Thy Bidding the high &  
the low,

As also, pain and pleasure,  
are ordained,

At Thy Bidding, some their  
bondage outgrow.

While others, to many a birth  
are chained !

All are subject to His order  
none is exempt from it

He who understandeth God's  
order

O Nanak is never guilty of  
egoism

ਹੁਕਮੀ ਹੋਵਨਿ ਆਕਾਰ ਹੁਕਮੁ ਨ ਕਹਿਆ  
ਜਾਈ ।

ਹੁਕਮੀ ਹੋਵਨਿ ਜੀਅ ਹੁਕਮਿ ਮਿਲੇ  
ਵਡਿਆਈ ।

ਹੁਕਮੀ ਉਤਮੁ ਨੀਚੁ ਹੁਕਮਿ ਲਿਖਿ  
ਦੁਖ ਸੁਖ ਪਾਈਅਹਿ ।

ਇਕਠਾ ਹੁਕਮੀ ਬਖਸੀਸ ਇਕਿ ਹੁਕਮੀ  
ਸਦਾ ਭਵਾਈਅਹਿ ।

ਹੁਕਮੇ ਅੰਦਰਿ ਸਭੁ ਕੋ ਬਾਹਰਿ ਹੁਕਮ ਨ  
ਕੋਇ ।

ਨਾਨਕ ਹੁਕਮੇ ਜੇ ਖੁਭੈ ਤ ਹਉਮੈ ਕਹੈ ਨ  
ਕੋਇ ॥੨॥

### III Descriptions Multi—Millioned of God :

*Each praises in his own familiar way !*

Some chant Thee: Thy Majesty  
this they do  
Who are blessed with Thy  
given-power ;  
Others praise Thee for Thy  
bounties had—  
Regarding them, as tokens of  
Thy heavenly-shower !  
Some chant Thee:-Thy great-  
ness-endless:  
Thy purity and Thy excellence  
admire;  
Some ponder over Thy great-  
test mystery—  
In terms philosophical, diffi-  
cult to acquire !  
Some chant Thee, as the crea-  
tor, who dost make  
And having made, dissolvest  
them, into dust ;  
Others chant Thee, for Thou  
dost take:  
The life's breath away———,  
withal, restorest !  
Some chant Thee as Far-off  
entity—  
Transendent one :- hid from  
all earthly stare;

ਗਾਵੈ ਕੋਤਾਣੁ ਹੋਵੈ ਕਿਸੈਤਾਣੁ ।  
ਗਾਵੈ ਕੋ ਦਾਤਿ ਜਾਣੈ ਨੀਸਾਣੁ ।  
ਗਾਵੈ ਕੋ ਗੁਣ ਵਡਿਆਈਆ ਚਾਰ ।  
ਗਾਵੈ ਕੋ ਵਿਦਿਆ ਵਿਖਮੁ ਵੀਚਾਰੁ ।  
ਗਾਵੈ ਕੋ ਸਾਜਿ ਕਰੇ ਤਨ ਖੇਹ ।  
ਗਾਵੈ ਕੋ ਜੀਅ ਲੈ ਫਿਰਿ ਦੇਹ ।  
ਗਾਵੈ ਕੋ ਜਾਪੈ ਦਿਸੈ ਦੂਰਿ ।  
ਗਾਵੈ ਕੋ ਵੇਖੈ ਹਾਦਰਾ ਹੁਦੂਰਿ ।

While others there be (not a  
few)

Who see Thee here ! there !

& everywhere !—

There is, thus, no limit nor end

To Thine descriptions & to

Thy Praise;

Tho' millions upon millions  
of men

Have attempted this, in count-  
less ways !

The Giver giveth—giveth—  
endlessly,

Tho' the recipients do a —  
weary grow !

In the aeons-endless, come &  
gone,

We have drawn on Thee—Thy  
Exhaustless depot !

The lord-commander Thou, of  
all that is,

By Thy will, aught that is  
cometh to be;

Thus, Unconcerned, Thou  
Exultest e'er,

For, Nanak, thou art, from  
all care, free !

ਕਥਨਾਕਥੀ ਨ ਆਵੇ ਤੇਟਿ ।

ਕਥਿ ਕਥਿ ਕਥੀ ਕੋਟੀ ਕੋਟੀ ਕੋਟਿ ।

ਦੇਦਾ ਦੇ ਲੈਦੇ ਥਕਿ ਪਾਹਿ ।

ਜੁਗਾ ਜੁਗੰਤਰਿ ਖਾਹੀ ਖਾਹਿ ।

ਹੁਕਮੀ ਹੁਖਮੁ ਚਲਾਏ ਰਾਹੁ ।

ਨਾਨਕ ਵਿਗਸੈ ਵੇਪਰਵਾਹੁ ॥੩॥

## IV Unto The Giver Our Meet Offering:

*Corollary to the above !*

True art Thou, o lord, true

Thy name,

And myriad Tho' our motive  
and way

We pray and beg of Thy, e'er  
and e'er,

For munificence is they eter-  
nal trait !

(Question) what shall we, then  
offer to Thee, in return ?

So that in Thy Audience we  
may dwell,

What shall we then, mutter  
with our lips ?

Hearing which Thou mayest  
love us well ?

(Answer) In the earliest hours  
of Ambrosial-Morn

Let's, with all reverence, medi-  
tate,

On Thy great attributes, endless  
and Thy holy name contemplate.

This vesture, we call-the bodily  
self

Is woven out by Thy grace (be-  
hind)

There is but one way to end  
this wheel:—

ਸਾਚਾ ਸਾਹਿਬੁ ਸਾਚੁ ਨਾਇ ਭਾਖਿਆ  
ਭਾਉ ਅਪਾਰੁ ।

ਆਖਹਿ ਮੰਗਹਿ ਦੇਹਿ ਦੇਹਿ ਦਾਤਿ ਕਰੇ  
ਦਾਤਰੁ ।

ਫੇਰਿ ਕਿ ਅਗੈ ਰਖੀਐ ਜਿਤੁ ਦਿਸੈ ਦਰਬਾਰੁ  
ਮੁਹੈ ਕਿ ਬੋਲਣੁ ਬੋਲੀਐ ਜਿਤੁਸੁਣਿ ਧਰੇ  
ਪਿਆਰੁ ।

ਅੰਮ੍ਰਿਤਵੇਲਾ ਸਚੁ ਨਾਉ ਵਡਿਆਈ  
ਵੀਚਾਰੁ ।

ਕਰਮੀ ਆਵੈ ਕਪੜਾ ਨਦਰੀ ਮੋਖੁ ਦੁਆਰੁ ।  
ਨਾਨਕ ਦੇਵੈ ਜਾਣੀਐ ਸਚੁ ਆਪੇ  
ਸਚਿਆਰੁ ॥੪॥

'Tis Thy Holy presence, to find  
 Thus hemmed in, as we are,  
 By the law of karma, on  
 every side;  
 Thy grace alone, o Lord, saith  
 Nanak,  
 Can bring to us; the truths  
 own tide!

## **V No Idol worship, but initiation in the Nam :** **Worship through the Guru**

We cannot liken Thee unto an  
 icon or image,  
 And set Thee upon a pedestal  
 or fashion Thee ;  
 For, Thou art the great uncon-  
 ditioned-spirit,  
 Thyself as Thyself !—from all  
 limits free !  
 They love Thee best who serve  
 Thee best,  
 Let's then, with all reverence  
 chant  
 Yea, Thee of all excellence the  
 Treasure,  
 Thus, Nanak, we attain, ali  
 that we want !  
 O let's us, thus, Thy praises  
 sing,

ਬਾਪਿਆ ਨ ਜਾਇ ਕੀਤਾ ਨ ਹੋਇ ।  
 ਆਪੇ ਆਪਿ ਨਿਰੰਜਨੁ ਸੋਇ ।  
 ਜਿਨਿ ਸੇਵਿਆ ਤਿਨਿ ਪਾਇਆ ਮਾਨੁ ।  
 ਨਾਨਕ ਗਾਵੀਐ ਗੁਣੀ ਨਿਪਾਨੁ ।  
 ਗਾਵੀਐ ਸੁਣੀਐ ਮਨਿ ਰਖੀਐ ਭਾਉ ।  
 ਦੁਖੁ ਪਰਹਰਿ ਸੁਖੁ ਘਰਿ ਲੈ ਜਾਇ ।

Or let's hear them sung, with  
all our mind;  
So doing, we shall steer clear,  
Of all ills, and the Great haven  
find.

The Guru alone may reveal  
unto me,

The melody-sublime, Unchan-  
ted, but sure;

The Guru alone may unveil  
unto me,

The lore of the wisdom,-our  
choicest treasure !

The Guru alone may make  
me feel:

That Thou art here !, that  
Thou art there !

The Guru alone can make  
me see:-

The Living-Reality-everywhere !

Thus, all the gods do melt in  
Him:—

In the master of masters e'er,  
He is Ishwara, the Gorakh,  
and Brahma !

Our O'erlord, our maker, and  
Nurser, clear !—

Yea, the Master of Masters is  
to me:

Parvati: thr lsis: "Mother  
molten-in-love" !

E'en If knew thee, O lord,  
how could I tell ?—

ਗੁਰ ਮੁਖਿ ਨਾਦੰ ਗੁਰਮੁਖਿ ਵੇਦੰ ਗੁਰਮੁਖਿ  
ਰਹਿਆ ਸਮਾਈ ।

ਗੁਰੁ ਈਸਰੁ ਗੁਰੁ ਗੋਰਖ ਬਰਮਾ ਗੁਰੁ  
ਪਾਰਬਤੀ ਮਾਈ ।

ਜੇ ਹਉਜਾਣਾ ਆਖਾ ਨਾਹੀ ਕਹਣਾ ਕਥਨੁ  
ਨ ਜਾਈ ।

ਗੁਰਾ ਇਕ ਦੇਹਿ ਬੁਝਾਈ ।

ਸਭਨਾ ਜੀਆ ਕਾ ਇਕੁ ਦਾਤਾ ਸੋ ਮੈਂ

ਵਿਸਰਿ ਨ ਜਾਈ ॥੫॥

Thou art the Great-Unsaid  
one!—from all words above.

O lord unto me this gift give:

That I may in this conscious-  
ness Live:—

That all are one!—by Thee  
all fed!

May this not slip, O Nanak,  
off my head!

---

## VI

### ○ Man, Discover first the Pearl of Pearls-within!

If I do Thy will 'tis enough—

'Tis as good as a bath at a  
holy Tirath;

If I donot Thy Holy Will, o  
lord,

Not this bath nor aught else  
availeth!

In all the world spread before  
mine eye;

Naught is had except with the  
sweat of brow!

Hidden in thine own heart,  
o striving man,

Is the gem of gems! and oth-  
er jewels, enow!

If only thou wouldst take to  
heart:

ਤੀਰਥਿ ਨਾਵਾ ਜੇ ਤਿਸੁ ਭਾਵਾ ਵਿਣੁ ਭਾਣੇ  
ਕਿਨਾਇਕਰੀ ।

ਜੇਤੀ ਸ਼ਿਰਨਿ ਉਪਾਈ ਵੇਖਾ ਵਿਣੁ ਕਰਮਾ  
ਕਿ ਮਿਲੈ ਲਈ ।

ਮਤਿ ਵਿਚਿ ਰਤਨ ਜਵਾਹਰ ਮਾਣਿਕ ਜੇ  
ਇਕ ਗੁਰ ਕੀ ਸਿਖ ਸੁਣੀ ।

The lesson of lessons—slowly  
Which the Guru alone dost  
impart:—

(That of rising to nam-consci-  
ousness-holy) !

O Lord unto me this gift give:  
That I may in this Conscious-  
ness Live :—

That all are one !—by Thee  
all fed !

May this not slip, O Nanak,  
off my head !

ਗੁਰਾ ਇਕ ਦੇਹਿ ਬੁਝਾਈ ।

ਸਭਨਾ ਜੀਆ ਕਾ ਇਕੁ ਦਾਤਾ ਸੇ ਮੈ  
ਵਿਸਰਿ ਨ ਜਾਈ ॥੬॥

## VII

### Worldly Glory is Like a Bubble—Soon Burst :

*The 'GRACE' Matters !-All Profit From THEE, E'er !*

Were I to live all Ages-Four  
Yea. tenfold more in that  
measure;

Were my name trumpeted to  
all Climes-Nine,  
And all danced attendance  
on me. to be sure !

So much renowned, if I were  
to be.

That I caught every one's look  
Yet, if I did not catch Thy eye  
O lord

ਜੇ ਜੁਗ ਚਾਰੇ ਆਰਜਾ ਹੋਰ ਦਸੂਣੀ ਹੋਇ ।  
ਨਵਾ ਖੰਡਾ ਵਿਚਿ ਜਾਣੀਐ ਨਾਲਿ ਚਲੈ  
ਸਭੁ ਕੋਇ ।

ਚੰਗਾ ਨਾਉਨ ਰਖਾਇ ਕੈ ਜਸੁ ਕੀਰਤਿ ਜਗਿ  
ਲੇਇ ।

I would be an outcast !-an  
 untouchable !- a shook  
 ea, I would be like unto  
 the fly—  
 midget, so terribly small—  
 That e'en the low ones —  
 the tainted.  
 Would rail at me —one and  
 all !  
 O Nanak, (How wondrous  
 are Thy ways ?)  
 Unto the have-nots, Thou  
 givest enow,  
 And to the haves, thou givest  
 abundantly—  
 Until, with Thy gifts, they,  
 verily, overflow !  
 But (here, there & all around)  
 That I look upon and see,  
 There is none—not one  
 amongst them,  
 Who can do the same,—unto  
 Thee !

ਜੇ ਤਿਸੁ ਨਦਰਿ ਨ ਆਵਈ ਤ ਵਾਤ  
 ਨ ਪੁਛੈ ਕੋ ।  
 ਕੀਟਾ ਅੰਦਰਿ ਕੀਟੁ ਕਰਿ ਦੋਸੀ ਦੋਸੁ ਧਰੇ ।  
 ਨਾਨਕ ਨਿਰਗੁਣਿ ਗੁਣੁ ਕਰੇ ਗੁਣਵੰਤਿਆ  
 ਗੁਣੁ ਦੇ ।  
 ਤੇਹਾ ਕੋਇ ਨ ਸੁਝਈ ਜਿਤਿਸੁ ਗੁਣੁ ਕੋਇ  
 ਕਰੇ ॥੭॥

## “SUNNANA” !

### VIII

#### The Fourfold-Rhythm of Inspiration-Divine :

*The unveiling of Divine Presence as Melody—Ineffable !*

**THE NAM :—THE SABAD—‘HEARING !’**

By Hearing This (the Self—  
 Struck-Symphony) clear,

One becometh soon an adept  
—a wise Seer ! :-

We, call him: a *Sidh* a *Pir* a  
*Sur-Nath* (all the same)

—(An Angel amongst men !  
whate'er the name !

(And (who has not heard ?  
(of that mythic-Bull),

Who heavest up the Universe,  
with one big pull !

—(This again, is Symbolic of  
the Nam-Unsaid

Which is the backstay of all  
world-spread !

And again, all the Worlds  
that be :

The upper, the lower & the  
middling—three,

Are also, then, revealed unto  
thee ;

Sustained all, by the Self-  
Same-Symphony !

[If ye Hear This : the Melody  
Hidden],

No more, for thee, the pangs  
earth-ridden :

And the Angel of Death  
(whoe'er he be),

Will from thee, straightway,  
flee !

O Nanak, in this state of  
Bliss.

over of God, verily,  
is !

ਸੁਣਿਐ ਸਿਧ ਪੀਰ ਸਰਿ ਨਾਥ ।

ਸੁਣਿਐ ਧਰਤਿ ਧਵਲ ਆਕਾਸ ।

ਸੁਣਿਐ ਦੀਪ ਲੋਅ ਪਾਤਾਲ ।

ਸੁਣਿਐ ਪੰਹਿ ਨ ਸਕੈ ਕਾਲੁ ।

ਨਾਨਕ ਭਗਤਾ ਸਦਾ ਵਿਗਾਸੁ ।

ਸੁਣਿਐ ਦੁਖ ਪਾਪ ਕਾ ਨਾਸੁ ॥੮॥

(And if thou wilt this Great  
Name in—hear)

All ailments thine, &  
error, shalt disappear !

## IX

### God or Gods !

If ye Hear This (the Secret  
Nam-sublime),

(Then lo ! all Deities fall into  
One Line !)

—Yea, *Ishwar, Barmha* and  
*Indra*, together !

Thou shalt find, as tied by  
One Holy-Tether !

To Hear *This*; (Soul-Stirring-  
Nam) is to be :

—A Man-Converted !—a  
prisoner set free !

And then, shut, in thine own  
body, disappear :

The Secret of Secrets !—of  
SELF, decipher !

And it is *this*., the Mystery,  
(that is in thee),

Which givest to thy body,  
the Master-Key !—

More ; all the Mystic Lore:  
said or heard :

*Vedas Shastras, Smritis* are,  
then, out-furled !

O Nanak, in this state of  
Bliss,

ਸੁਣਿਐ ਈਸਰੁ ਬਰਮਾਇੰਦੁ ।

ਸੁਣਿਐ ਮੁਖਿ ਸਾਲਾਹਣੁ ਮੰਦੁ ।

ਸੁਣਿਐ ਜੋਗ ਜੁਗਤਿ ਤਨਿ ਭੇਦੁ ।

ਸੁਣਿਐ ਸਾਸਤ ਸਿਮ੍ਰਿਤੁ ਵੇਦੁ ।

ਨਾਨਕ ਭਗਤਾ ਸਦਾ ਵਿਗਾਸੁ ।

ਸੁਣਿਐ ਦੂਖ ਪਾਪ ਕਾ ਨਾਸੁ ॥੯॥

Every Lover of God, verily,  
 is,  
 And if thou wilt This Great  
 Name in-hear,)  
 All ailments thine: sin &  
 error, shalt disappear !

# X

## All Heavenly Virtues begin to Pour in !

If ye will Hear This : (the  
 Self-chanted, Glorious-  
 Stir),

Then all Virtues & Excell-  
 ences thou shalt dis-inter !

Thou shalt become. then,  
 truly content and wise.

(For the Great Light will, in  
 Thee, uprise !)

And all places of pilgrimage  
 that be,

Lo ! as many as eight and  
 sixty !

Shall be rolled into One,—in  
 Thee !

And in This Holy Name,  
 Thou shalt see !

By Hearing This (the Soul-  
 Stirrer: the Name)

Thy study shall bear fruit,  
 —the Glorious Fame !

And the highest state of  
 Ease & Bliss—

The *Sahaj*—will, Thy hearts  
 kiss !

ਸੁਣਿਐ ਸਤੁ ਸੰਤੋਖੁ ਗਿਆਨੁ ।

ਸੁਣਿਐ ਅਠਸਠਿ ਕਾ ਇਸ਼ਨਾਨੁ ।

ਸੁਣਿਐ ਪੜਿ ਪੜਿ ਪਾਵਹਿ ਮਾਨੁ ।

ਸੁਣਿਐ ਲਾਭੈ ਸਹਜਿ ਧਿਆਨੁ ।

ਨਾਨਕ ਭਗਤਾ ਸਦਾ ਵਿਗਾਸ ।

ਸੁਣਿਐ ਦੂਖ ਪਾਪ ਕਾ ਨਾਸੁ ॥੧੦॥

O Nanak in this state of  
Bliss,

Every lover of God, verily,  
is !

And if thou wilt this great  
Name in-hear.

All ailments thine : sin &  
error, shalt disappear !

## XI

### The Raft of Infinity !

By Hearing *This* : (the Soul  
Melody—Astir)

Deep Ocean of Excellences  
thou shalt discover !

Lo ! then, in the palm of thy  
hand shall be.

All Kingdoms !—secular and  
Spiritual, verily !

Yea, a King amongst men !  
thou wilt be :—

The Leader of men, guiding  
others, free !

A Sheikh, a Pir, a padshah,  
to be sure,

For, by This Light, e'en the  
blind, sight recover !

By This—the Plummet of the  
Infinite !

Thou shalt find the Ins &  
Outs of the Spirit :

(And, then, in thy Hand,  
shall fall)

ਸੁਣਿਐ ਸਰਾਗੁਣਾ ਕੇ ਗਾਹ ।

ਸੁਣਿਐ ਸੇਖ ਪੀਰ ਪਾਤਿਸਾਹ ।

ਸੁਣਿਐ ਅੰਧਿਪਾਵਹਿ ਰਾਹੁ ।

ਸੁਣਿਐ ਹਾਥ ਹੋਵੈ ਅਸਗਾਹੁ ।

ਨਾਨਕ ਭਗਤਾ ਸਦਾਵਿਗਾਸੁ ।

ਸੁਣਿਐ ਦੂਖ ਪਾਪ ਕਾ ਨਾਸੁ ॥੧੧॥

—The Key of keys unlocking  
Castles all !

O Nanak in this state of  
Bliss,

Every Lover of God, verily,  
is.

(And if thou wilt This Great  
Name in-hear)

All ailments thine : sin &  
error, shalt disappear !

## "MANANA"

### XII

#### The Bliss of Nam's-Realization !

The Bliss of Realization,  
who can tell ?

He who attempteth, finding  
It impossible, repenteth;

...Nor pen, nor paper are  
to this task, equal !

Nor doth sitting, or sitter,  
further this—or augment !

(Such is *Nam-Naranjan*—the  
Holy-Revealing-Word,

(Whereby the Vision—Beatific  
is, on men, conferred,

Only a few there be, who in  
their heart of heart,

This great Mystery *realize*—  
The WORD-INWROUGHT !

ਮੰਨੇ ਕੀ ਗਤਿ ਕਹੀ ਨ ਜਾਇ ।

ਜੇ ਕੋ ਕਹੈ ਪਿਛੈ ਪਛੁਤਾਇ ।

ਕਾਗਦਿ ਕਲਮ ਨ ਲਿਖਣਹਾਰੁ ।

ਮੰਨੇ ਕਾ ਬਹਿ ਕਰਨਿ ਵੀਚਾਰੁ ।

ਐਸਾ ਨਾਮੁ ਨਿਰੰਜਨੁ ਹੋਇ ।

ਜੇਕੋ ਮੰਨਿ ਜਾਣੈ ਮਨਿ ਕੋਇ ॥੧੨॥

### XIII

## In Light of Presence !

The bliss of Realization bring-  
eth unto the mind :

The Light of understanding—  
the sun of Intuition !

And, finally, there cometh  
that supernal—Phase,  
When lo ! all is unlocked—  
very Plan of Evolution !

Realizing this—the self of  
selves—the seer riseth ab've.

All shocks of the world, as  
also its infatuation !

No longer doth he fear that  
dreadful Angel—

Of Death, for—is he not with  
wisdom, in full union ?

Such is Nam-naranjan—the  
holy-Revealing-Word,

(Whereby the vision beatific  
is, on men, conferred)

Only a few there be, who in  
their heart of heart,

This great Mystery realize—  
the word-Inwrought !

ਮੰਨੈ ਸੁਰਤਿ ਹੋਵੈ ਮਨਿ ਬੁਧਿ ।

ਮੰਨੈ ਸਗਲ ਭਵਣ ਕੀ ਸੁਧਿ ।

ਮੰਨੈ ਮੁਹਿ ਚੋਟਾ ਨਾ ਖਾਇ ।

ਮੰਨੈ ਜਮ ਕੈ ਸਾਥਿ ਠ ਜਾਇ ।

ਐਸਾ ਨਾਮੁ ਨਿਰੰਜਨੁ ਹੋਇ ।

ਜੇਕੋ ਮੰਨਿ ਜਾਣੈ ਮਨਿ ਕੋਇ ॥੧੩॥

# XIV

## No More Whirlpools !

More he who realizeth the  
 Nam: the self-Divine,  
 Findeth all impediments  
 from his path removed:  
 And lo ! when he departeth  
 from this world——  
 He goeth openly !—with a  
 wreath of laurels crowned !  
 Yea, he who realizeth the  
 Nam—Self holy,  
 Treadeth the path high—is  
 no longer in a byeway:  
 For he is not wedded to  
 Righteousness ?  
 That dots not let him,—go  
 astray !  
 Such is Nam—Naranjan—the  
 holy Revealing-word,  
 (Whereby the vision beatific  
 is on men, conferred:)  
 But few there be who in  
 their heart of heart,  
 This great mystery realize:  
 the word Inwrought !

ਮੰਨੈ ਮਾਰਗਿ ਠਾਕ ਨ ਪਾਇ ।  
 ਮੰਨੈ ਪਤਿਸਿਉ ਪਰਗਟੁ ਜਾਇ ।  
 ਮੰਨੈ ਮਗੁ ਨ ਚਲੈ ਪੰਥੁ ।  
 ਮੰਨੈ ਧਰਮਸੇਤੀ ਸਨਖੰਧੁ ।  
 ਐਸਾ ਨਾਮੁ ਨਿਰੰਜਨੁ ਹੋਇ ।  
 ਜੇਕੋ ਮੰਨਿ ਜਾਣੈ ਮਨਿ ਕੋਇ ॥੧੪॥

## XV

### Raft of Salvation !

Finally, the door of salvation  
 openeth, unto them wide,  
 who realizing the Name, in  
 this, do abide !  
 Having found the highway  
 and the path-within,  
 They lead others aright,—first  
 their kith & kin !  
 Having saved near ones,  
 (whoe'er they be),  
 To the distant ones, they  
 turn,—setting them free !  
 Thus they who rich this Nam:  
 the holiest-Port,  
 Are stablished—wander no  
 longer, from pillar to post !  
 Such is NAM-NARANJAN  
 —the holy-Revealing-word  
 (Whereby the VISION-beati-  
 fic is, on men, conferred;)   
 But few there be who in  
 their heart of heart  
 This great mystery realise :  
 the WORD-INWROUGHT !

ਮੰਨੈ ਪਾਵਹਿ ਮੱਖੁ ਦੁਆਰੁ ।  
 ਮੰਨੈ ਪਰਵਾਰੈ ਸਾਧਾਰੁ ।  
 ਮੰਨੈ ਤਰੈ ਤਾਰੈ ਗੁਰੁ ਸਿਖ ।  
 ਮੰਨੈ ਨਾਨਕ ਭਵਹਿ ਨ ਭਿਖ ।  
 ਐਸਾ ਨਾਮੁ ਨਿਰੰਜਨੁ ਹੋਇ ।  
 ਜੇਕੋ ਮੰਨਿ ਜਾਣੈ ਮਨਿ ਕੋਇ ॥੧੫॥

## XVI

### The Elect Ones !

Truly, Himalayan among  
men ! the PANCHES, are  
they,

Who having conquered self,  
live in the NAM-Way !

For them, there is no more  
the Crucible of Fire,

Yea, they are reborn in Holy-  
Attire !

These Elect ones—the PAN-  
CHES—to be sure,

Are Guardians of men—  
accepted e'er !

Great, indeed, is their hon-  
our, before the Lord,

True Ornaments of Court,  
with kings in accord;

(Where'er they go, within  
and without),

They live in NAM—thus,  
stir about !

They are concentrated in This,  
in their heart—

On the Master—Hidden,—  
Guru-In-got !

(Thy Creation—the Cosmora-  
ma !—O Lord)

Who can describe, yea, who  
can tell ?

(And of Thy Doings—  
Inscrutable),

ਪੰਚ ਪਰਵਾਣ ਪੰਚ ਪਰਧਾਨੁ ।  
ਪੰਚੇ ਪਾਂਵਹਿ ਦਰਗਹਿ ਮਾਨੁ ।  
ਪੰਚੇ ਸੋਹਹਿ ਦਰਿ ਰਾਜਾਨੁ ।  
ਪੰਚਾਂ ਕਾ ਗੁਰੁ ਏਕੁ ਧਿਆਨੁ ।  
ਜੇਕੋ ਕਹੈ ਕਰੈ ਵੀਚਾਰੁ ।  
ਕਰਤੇ ਕੈ ਕਰਣੈ ਨਾਹੀ ਸੁਮਾਰੁ ।  
ਧੋਲੁ ਧਰਮੁ ਦਇਆ ਕਾ ਪ੍ਰਤੁ ।  
ਸੁਤੇਖੁ ਬਾਪਿ ਰਖਿਆਜਿਨਿ ਸੁਤਿ ॥੧੬॥

Who may so much as unravel ?  
 And that mythical-bull (said  
 to uphold)  
 All earth:) why' tis truth  
 untold ?  
 Yea, Dharma, Righteousness !  
 of love-asprung,  
 Which keepeth, in equilibrium  
 All A-strung !  
 Were this not so,—(O my  
 dear)  
 What (little) bull could this  
 Load bear ?  
 And beyond this world,  
 there is another—  
 Another still !—in an endless  
 Tether !  
 What is that Prop ?—the  
 support-hidden  
 If tis not Thy Name : The  
 Force-hidden !  
 Yea, this supreme NAM—  
 stuff-Inwoven,  
 Is' of all earth the warp and  
 Woof-Golden !  
 Creatures, so many, of differ-  
 ent hues & caste,  
 Are named differently—thus  
 labelled apart;  
 But all of them subservient  
 are to that "Pen"  
 Which writeth on !— in  
 Super-Tension !  
 This 'writing'-hieroglyphic,  
 who can divine ?

ਜੇਕੋ ਬੁਝੇ ਹੋਵੈ ਸਚਿਆਰੁ ।  
 ਧਵਲੈ ਉਪਨਿਕੇਤਾ ਭਾਰੁ ।  
 ਧਰਤੀ ਹੋਰੁ ਪਰੈ ਹੋਰੁ ਹੋਰੁ ।  
 ਤਿਸੇਭੇ ਭਾਰੁ ਤਲੈ ਕਵਣੁ ਜੋਰੁ ।  
 ਜੀਅ ਜਾਤਿ ਰੰਗਾ ਕੇ ਨਾਵ ।  
 ਮਭਨਾ ਲਿਖਿਆ ਵੁਡੀ ਕਲਾਮ ।  
 ਏਹੁ ਲੇਖਾ ਲਿਖਿ ਜਾਣੈ ਕੋਇ ।  
 ਲੇਖਾ ਤਿਖਿਆ ਕੇਤਾ ਹੋਇ ।

(Thou alone who didst make  
this Pen-Fine);

If e'er one attempted to  
construe,

How unwieldy that count,  
must grow ?

How potent Thy Might, all-  
compelling ?

How wondrous Thy beauty,  
self revealing ?

How countless Thy gifts,  
the Grace Divine !

'Tis endless, un-scissored in  
space & time.

And, all that is, or is yet to  
be,

Was created by KWAQ ;  
Thy urge free:—

That poetic-Impulse-divine,  
the First,

Which made multi-millions  
NATURE—out-burst !

Of Thy creation, at large, yea  
who can tell ?

Not I, nor any one, is to this  
task equal !

Fain would I go round Thee,  
in glee,

But I drop, in one little  
round, (ha ! see) !

What is pleasing unto Thee,  
I do : Thy will divine :

This alone is my duty, Yea  
Troth, in fine;

ਕੇਤਾ ਤਾਣ ਸੁਆਲਸ਼ ਰੂਪੁ ।

ਕੇਤੀ ਦਾਤਿ ਜਾਣੈ ਕੌਣ ਕੂਤੁ ।

ਕੀਤਾ ਪਸਾਉ ਏਕੋ ਕਵਾਉ ।

ਤਿਸਤੇ ਹੋਏ ਲਖ ਦਰੀਆਉ ।

ਕੁਦਰਤਿ ਕਵਣ ਕਹਾ ਵੀਚਾਰੁ ।

ਵਾਰਿਆ ਨ ਜਾਵਾ ਏਕ ਵਾਰ ।

ਜੋ ਤੁਧੁ ਭਾਵੈ ਸਾਈ ਭਲੀਕਾਰ ।

ਤੂੰ ਸਦਾ ਸਲਾਮਤਿ ਨਿਰੰਕਾਰ ॥੧੬॥

O Thou art Formless !—eternally free,

SADA-SALAMAT Thou !  
self-'stablished, verily !

## XVII

### Nature Heaving Upwards !

Numberless Thy formulæ,  
those of adoration,

Numberless Thy devotees, in  
many a holy mood;

Numberless, countless, the  
methods of Thy approach;

And Numberless, by ascetic  
discipline, subdued !

Numberless Thy recitations  
of Thy holy lore,

Which people do recite from  
their memory;

Numberless those in medi-  
tation lost—

Their minds retracted, from  
all earthly glory !

Numberless Thy devotees  
who do contemplate,

Thy attributes endless,—or  
rise up by wisdom;

Numberless those who are  
to truth wedded;

Yea, numberless giving in  
alms all lives? earning !

ਅਸੰਖ ਜਪ ਅਸੰਖ ਭਾਉ ।

ਅਸੰਖ ਪੂਜਾ ਅਸੰਖ ਡੁਖਤਾਉ ।

ਅਸੰਖ ਗਰੰਥ ਮੁਖਿਵੇਦ ਪਾਠ ।

ਅਸੰਖ ਜੋਗ ਮਨਿ ਰਹਹਿਉਦਾਸ ।

ਅਸੰਖ ਭਗਤ ਗੁਣ ਗਿਆਨ ਵੀਚਾਰੁ ।

Numberless Thy devoted  
warriors tried,

Who love to bear the burnt  
of steel;

Numberless those who re-  
main tongue—tied,

Who in their ecstasy, Tremors  
of NAM, do feel !

Of Thy creation, at large,  
yea, who can tell ?

Not I, nor any one, is to  
this task equal !

Fain would I go round,  
Thee in glee,

But I drop, in one little  
round (ha ! see) !

What is pleasing unto Thee,  
I do: Thy will-divine :

This alone is my 'duty',—  
yea, Troth, in fine;

O Thou art formless !—eter-  
nally free,

SADA-SALAMAT thou !  
self' stabilshed, verily !

ਅਸੰਖ ਸਤੀ ਅਸੰਖ ਦਾਤਾਰ ।

ਅਸੰਖ ਸੂਰ ਮੁਹ ਭਖ ਸਾਰ ।

ਅਸੰਖ ਮੋਨਿ ਲਿਵਲਾਇ ਤਾਰ ।

ਕੁਦਰਤਿ ਕਵਣ ਕਹਾ ਵੀਚਾਰ ।

ਵਾਰਿਆ ਨ ਜਾਵਾ ਏਕ ਵਾਰ ।

ਜੇ ਤੁਧੁ ਭਾਵੈ ਸਾਈ ਭਲੀਕਾਰ ।

ਤੁ ਸਦਾ ਮਣਮਣਿ ਨਿਰੰਕਾਰ ॥੧੭॥

## XVIII

### Nature Working Down !

Countless the hare-brained  
men be,

Who in the abxyss of dark-  
ness do sink;

Countless pick-pockets &  
 swindlers be,  
 Who on Wages of sin do  
 stink !  
 Countless the kings & their  
 myrmidon,  
 Who with a Rod of Iron do  
 reign;  
 Countless those who 'cut-  
 throats' be,  
 And their end, by violence,  
 do gain !  
 Countless the perverted one  
 mal-inclinet,  
 Who in evil come and go;  
 Countless the liars in Dark-  
 ness—  
 Lost in labyrinth of Shade—  
 without a glow !  
 Countless the filthy, besoiled  
 ones, be,  
 Who gloat in riches : Gain-  
 Ungainly;  
 Countless those who carry  
 tales false—  
 Sunk under headloads of  
 calumny !  
 (And this I, in all humble-  
 ness, aver,)  
 I'm one of these--Nanak,  
 the lowly, e'er !  
 Fain would I go round Thee  
 in glee,  
 But I drop in one little  
 round, see !

ਅਸੰਖ ਮੂਰਖ ਅੰਧ ਘੋਰ ।  
 ਅਸੰਖ ਚੋਰ ਹਰਾਮ ਖੋਰ ।  
 ਅਸੰਖ ਅਮਰ ਕਰਿ ਜਾਹਿ ਜੋਰ ।  
 ਅਸੰਖ ਗਲਵਾਦ ਹਤਿਆ ਕਮਾਹਿ ।  
 ਅਸੰਖ ਪਾਪੀ ਪਾਪੁ ਕਰਿ ਜਾਹਿ ।  
 ਅਸੰਖ ਕੂੜਿਆਰ ਕੂੜੇ ਫਿਰਾਹਿ ।  
 ਅਸੰਖ ਮਲੇਫ ਮਲੁ ਭਖਿ ਖਾਹਿ ।  
 ਅਸੰਖ ਨਿੰਦਕ ਸਿਰਿ ਕਰਹਿ ਭਾਹੁ ।  
 ਨਾਨਕੁ ਨੀਕੁ ਕਹੈ ਵੀਚਾਰੁ ।  
 ਵਾਰਿਆ ਨ ਜਾਵਾ ਏਕ ਵਾਰ ।  
 ਜੋ ਤੁਧੁ ਭਾਵੈ ਸਾਈ ਭਲੀ ਕਾਰ ।  
 ਭੂ ਸਦਾ ਸਲਾਮਤਿ ਨਿਰੰਕਾਰ ॥੧੮॥

What is pleasing to Thee—  
 Thy Will Divine,  
 'Tis alone is Dharma,  
 Righteousness; in fine !  
 Thou art formless ! yea,  
 Thou art free !  
 Sada-Slamat Thou !—  
 Stablished eternally !

## XIX

*All Nature is circumscribed in 'Words'—  
 Thou art Not; Untellably-True, O Lord,*

Innumerable are Names and  
 Forms—

And endlessly—countless,  
 the worlds to tell;

E'en the word 'Countless' is  
 a misnomer !

'Tis idle to use this Empty  
 Shell !

In words, we say or define  
 all,

In Words, we do try to tell:—  
 All that there is to be told :-

Thy Wisdom !, Beauty ! —  
 all in a nutshell !

In Words, we do transcribe,

In Words, we read the Writ-  
 Holy;

In words, they say, is Des-  
 tiny writ:—

In "Hieroglyphs", scrolled  
 slowly !

ਅਸੰਖ ਨਾਵ ਅਸੰਖ ਥਾਵ ।

ਅਗੰਮ ਅਗੰਮ ਅਸੰਖ ਲੋਅ ।

ਅਸੰਖ ਕਹਹਿ ਸਿਰਿ ਭਾਰੁ ਹੋਇ ।

ਅਖਰੀ ਨਾਮੁ ਅਖਰੀ ਸਾਲਾਹ ।

ਅਖਰੀ ਗਿਆਨੁ ਗੀਤ ਗੁਣਗਾਹ ।

ਅਖਰੀ ਲਿਖਣੁ ਬੋਲਣੁ ਬਾਣਿ ।

But Thou, O, Lord, art e'er  
free,

Not subject Thou to words  
'Tyranny !

'E'en as Thou ordainest so,  
are they writ,—

Of Thy Orders, yea, the truest  
Transcript !

All that is (and is yet to be)  
Is by the Name wrought!—  
EERIE-Potency !

And naught there is, not  
Shall be,

That from Thy Imprint will  
be free !

Of Thy Creation, at large, yea,  
who can tell ?

Not I, nor any one, is to  
this Task, equal !

Fain would I go round Thee,  
in glee

But I drop, in one little  
round, (ha ! see) !

What is pleasing unto Thee,  
I do: Thy Will-Divine:

This alone is my 'Duty',—  
yea, Troth, in fine;

O thou art Formless !—eter-  
nally free,

SADA-SALAMAT Thou !  
'self-' stablised, verily !

ਅਖਰਾ ਸਿਰਿ ਸੰਜੋਗੁ ਵਖਾਣਿ ।  
ਜਿਨਿ ਏਹਿ ਲਿਖੇ ਤਿਸੁ ਸਿਰਿਨਾਹਿ ।  
ਜਿਵ ਫੁਰਮਾਏ ਤਿਵ ਤਿਵ ਪਾਹਿ ।  
ਜੇਤਾ ਕੀਤਾ ਤੇਤਾ ਨਾਉ ।  
ਵਿਣੁ ਨਾਵੈ ਨਾਹੀ ਕੋ ਥਾਉ ।  
ਕੁਦਰਤਿ ਕਵਣ ਕਹਾ ਵੀਚਾਰੁ ।  
ਵਾਰਿਆ ਨ ਜਾਵਾ ਏਕਵਾਰ ।  
ਜੇ ਤੁਧੁ ਭਾਵੈ ਸਾਈ ਭਲੀ ਕਾਰ ।  
ਤੂੰ ਸਦਾ ਸਲਾਮਤਿ ਨਿਰੰਕਾਰੁ ॥੧੯॥

⊙ man, thy filth=abyssmal  
the name only may wash !

(Perchance) if thy hands  
were by filth besoiled,

Yea, if thy body were, with  
mud, o'erlaid,

Thou mayest cleanse &  
scrub the same—

If, by water, they are well-  
sprayed !

(Likewise) if the clothes [that  
ye put on]

By filth or urine, polluted be,  
Thou mayest apply to them  
the soap,

Whereby, from all filth, they  
are instantly free !

E'en, so if thy mind is by sin  
covered,

And thy intellect, by dark-  
ness, o'ercast,

'Tis by the Dye of Dyes: the  
Holy Name,

That it is washed, coloured,  
and re-cast !

Good and Evil do not take  
us far—

True, we reap but what we  
sow,—

Thus, each is treasured &  
carried forward !—

Nanak, Will-Divine lo !  
endeth this Slippery-Show !

ਭਰੀਐ ਹਥ ਪੈਰੁ ਤਨੁ ਦੇਹ  
ਪਾਣੀ ਧੋਤੈ ਉਤਰਸੁ ਖੇਹ ।  
ਮੂਤ ਪਲੀਤੀ ਕਪੜੁ ਹੋਇ ।  
ਚੇ ਸਾਬੁਣੁ ਲਈਐ ਓਹੁ ਧੋਇ ।  
ਭਰੀਐ ਮਤਿ ਪਾਪਾ ਕੈ ਸੰਗਿ ।  
ਓਹੁ ਧੋਪੈ ਨਾਵੈ ਕੈ ਰੰਗਿ ।  
ਪੁੰਨੀ ਪਾਪੀ ਆਖਣੁ ਨਾਹਿ ।  
ਕਰਿ ਕਰਿ ਕਰਣਾ ਲਿਖਿ ਲੈ ਜਾਹੁ ।  
ਆਪੇ ਬੀਜਿ ਆਪੇ ਹੀ ਖਾਹੁ ।  
ਨਾਨਕ ਹੁਕਮੀ ਆਵਹੁ ਜਾਹੁ ॥੨੦॥

## XXI (a)

### The Outer School & the Inner!

Of what avail is it to go?—  
 yea, betake :  
 Oneself to places of pilgri-  
 mage & partake;  
 Of hard austerities and there  
 to spend,  
 Money like water !-this does  
 not any light lend !  
 And e'en if a moicum of Good  
 is conferred!  
 'Tis little more than the tiny  
 seed: the mustard !  
 If, on the other hand, we  
 hear the Name,  
 And live, in all avidity, in  
 the Same:  
 (Then), down in thy heart lo !  
 a-sudden,  
 Shall be unveiled a Fount—  
 Golden !  
 The Holy of holies this : the  
 Fount within !—  
 Wherein—in NAM—ye may  
 wash all Sin !

ਤੀਰਥੁ ਤਪੁ ਦਇਆ ਦਤੁ ਦਾਨੁ ।  
 ਜੇਕੋ ਪਾਵੈ ਤਿਲ ਕਾ ਮਾਨੁ ।  
 ਸੁਣਿਆ ਮਨਿਆ ਮਨਿ ਕੀਤਾ ਭਾਉ ॥  
 ਅੰਤਰਗਤਿ ਤੀਰਥਿ ਮਲਿ ਨਾਉ ।

## XXI (b)

All qualities, all virtues, are  
 Thine, my Lord,  
 From Thee emanating—in  
 Thee dissolved !  
 I may have none, but from  
 virtues who can be free ?

For, there is no Devotion  
e'er without Purity ?

Hemmed in as we are, by  
Maya caught,

By this we are confined—  
wholly lost;

There is but one-Way-out :  
the WORD:

Bani-Brahm—in Heart's  
depth deciphered !

And, in Its wake all virtues  
(that be),

Come-In.Surging !—Truth &  
Beauty !!

More, the Name keepeth the  
mind sur-charged,

With Joy-Ebullient !—e'er  
mounting upward !!

ਸਭਿ ਗੁਣ ਤੇਰੇ ਮੈ ਨਾਹੀ ਕੋਇ ।

ਵਿਣੁ ਗੁਣ ਕੀਤੇ ਭਗਤਿ ਨ ਹੋਇ ।

ਸੁਅਸਤਿ ਆਬਿ ਬਾਣੀ ਬਰਮਾਉ ।

ਸਤਿਸੁਹਾਣੁ ਸਦਾ ਮਨਿ ਚਾਉ ।

## XXI (c)

(The Curious Ones do ask—  
the bookworm,

As to when, what date, the  
World took form ?

The day : lunar or solar,  
season or year;

When the world emerged :  
Solid-Sphere !

To such ones let me, in clear-  
ness tell,

There is no convincing reco-  
rd or chronicle;

Neither the Hindus nor the  
Muslims know—

Or else, Purans & Qoran,  
with this will o'erflow,

ਕਵਣੁ ਸੁ ਵੇਲਾ ਵਖਤੁ ਕਣਣੁ ਕਵਣੁ  
ਥਿਤਿ ਕਵਣੁ ਵਾਰੁ ।

ਕਵਣਿ ਸਿ ਰੁਤੀ ਮਾਹੁ ਕਣਣੁ ਜਿਤੁ  
ਹੋਆ ਆਕਾਸੁ ।

ਵੇਲੁ ਨ ਪਾਈਆ ਪੰਡਤੀ ਜੇ ਹੋਵੇ  
ਲੇਖੁ ਪੁਰਾਣੁ ।

ਵਖਤੁ ਨ ਪਾਇਓ ਕਾਦੀਆ ਜਿਲਿਖਨਿ  
ਲੇਖਕੁਰਾਣੁ ।

Yea, nor the Gymnosophists:  
 ascetics, divine,  
 Nay, none on earth—not  
 one in fine !  
 Thou, O Seer of Seers, alone  
 this Mystery scans,  
 Yea, Thou Who createst, and  
 all dost ordain !  
 How may I describe Thee—  
 or adore ?  
 How can I define Thee in  
 wisdom lore ?  
 Each one pretendeth to know  
 —to know more !—  
 Than others, but all this, [O  
 Nanak,] is idle clamour !  
 I would only so much aver  
 and no more:  
 Thou art the Infinite !—  
 So also Thy Name, e'ermore!!  
 All that is, is by this  
 Holy Name wrought,  
 Whoso avoweth otherwise,  
 Nanak-why he is distraught ?

ਬਿਤਵਾਰੁਨਾ ਜੋਗੀ ਜਾਣੈ ਰੁਤ ਨ ਕੋਈ ।  
 ਜਾ ਕਰਤਾ ਸਿਰਠੀ ਕਉ ਸਾਜੇ ਆਪੇ  
 ਜਾਣੈ ਸੋਈ ।  
 ਕਿਵ ਕਰਿ ਆਖਾ ਕਿਵ ਸਾਲਾਹੀ ਕਿਉ  
 ਵਰਨੀ ਕਿਵ ਜਾਣਾ ।  
 ਨਾਨਕ ਆਖਣਿ ਸਭੁ ਕੋ ਆਖੈ ਇਕਦੁ  
 ਇਕੁ ਸਿਆਣਾ ।  
 ਵਡਾ ਸਾਹਿਬੁ ਵਡੀ ਨਾਈ ਕੀਤਾ ਜਾਕਾ  
 ਹੋਵੈ ।  
 ਨਾਨਕ ਜੇ ਕੋ ਆਪੇ ਜਾਣੈ ਅਗੈ ਗਇਆ  
 ਨ ਸੋਈ ॥੨੧॥

## XXII

### The Infinite alone knoweth the Infinity

How many the Worlds-Net-  
 her be ?  
 How many the Worlds that  
 are Higher !—  
 Millions upon millions!,—yea  
 Endless !

To count is to fumble, fail  
& retire !

How long, again, that Line  
be :

Who have come and gone—  
curiously:—

Trying to scan Infinity!—but  
have grown,

Aweary !—baffled by Thy  
Endless Infinity !

The Books of wisdom do us  
tell,

But one thing we should know  
well,

And the Books of the West  
that be:

Equate "Eighteen Thousand"  
with 'Subtle'-Thee !

The Lessons of lessons is:  
"What can be said,

Is but a piece—Reality-  
Segmented !"

Let me, therefore, call Thee  
the Infinite, ho, !

O Nanak, Thou alone dost  
Thy Limits, know !

ਪਾਤਾਲਾ ਪਾਤਾਲ ਲਖ ਆਗਾਸਾ ਆਗਾਸ ।  
ਓੜਕ ਓੜਕ ਭਾਲਿ ਬਕੇ ਵੇਦ ਕਹਨਿ  
ਓਕ ਵਾਡ ।

ਸਹਸ ਅਠਾਰਹ ਕਹਨਿ ਕਤੋਬਾ ਅਸੁਲੁ  
ਇਕੁ ਧਾਤੁ ।

ਲੇਖਾ ਹੋਇ ਤ ਲਿਖੀਐ ਲੇਖੈ ਹੋਇ  
ਵਿਣਾਸੁ ।

ਨਾਨਕ ਵਡਾ ਆਖੀਐ ਆਪੇ ਜਾਣੈ  
ਆਪੁ ॥੨੨॥

## XXIII

### The Finite can become Infinite !

Thy Praisers praise Thee,  
yet know not,

Thy Infinity!—for 'tis beyond  
their ken ;

E'en as all rivers and rivulets  
go,

But know not, the limits of  
great ocean !

Thou art Ocean-Infinite, O  
Lord :—

Of those limits no stream car-  
eth to know;

At this end, how separate,  
each ?

All that end, One! with Thee,-  
anyhow,

And if our wealth were piled  
so high,

That it o'ertopped the Himal-  
aya !— thy Sky !—

Yet, Thou wouldst not be like  
unto that Ant,

That thrilled ! with the Lord's  
Name-Vibrant !

ਸਾਲਾਹੀ ਸਾਲਾਹਿਏਤੀ ਸੁਰਤਿ ਨ  
ਪਾਈਆ ।

ਨਦੀਆਅਤੈਵਾਹ ਪਵਹਿ ਸਮੁੰਦਿ ਨ  
ਜਾਣੀਅਹਿ ।

ਸਮੁੰਦ ਸਾਹ ਸੁਲਤਾਨ ਗਿਰਹਾ ਸੇਤੀ ਮਾਲੁ  
ਧਨੁ ।

ਕੀੜੀ ਤੁਲਿ ਨ ਹੋਵਨੀ ਜੇ ਤਿਸੁ ਮਨਹੁ  
ਨ ਵੀਸਰਹੇ ॥23॥

★  
XXIV

## Infinity Surrounds us on all Sides !

There is no End to Thy  
Singers, O Lord;

No End to those who thee  
expound;

There is no End to Fellow-  
Feelers,

Nor doth Thy Bounty have  
any earthly bound !

ਅੰਤੁ ਨ ਸਿਫਤੀ ਕਹਣਿ ਨ ਅੰਤੁ ।

ਅੰਤੁ ਨ ਕਰਣੈਦੇਣਿ ਨ ਅੰਤੁ ।

There is no End to Space-  
Spread

That meeteth our Eye e'er more.

There is no End to what we  
hear—

('Tis Infinity in all Directions-  
Four !)

There is, indeed, no End nor  
Limit

To what is in Thy Mind Divine  
(Nor is there End, to Guesses-  
Great

Whereby men try to gauge :-  
Depth-Thine !)

Endless, yea, limitless, is all  
creation

That is spread, lo ! here, there  
everywhere !

Nor this End--nor that End,  
Of Thy INFINITY, we can  
pre-figure !

How many there be ? who toil  
and morn—

Effet and fume !—Thy Limits  
to find !

But Thy End-Endless, who  
hath found ?—

'Tis bootless,—on 'Endless—  
Grind !

Yea, of Thine End-Endless,  
none doth know !

ਅੰਤੁ ਨ ਵੇਖਣਿ ਸੁਣਣਿ ਨ ਅੰਤ  
ਅੰਤੁ ਨ ਜਾਪੈ ਕਿਆ ਮਨਿ ਮੰਤੁ ।

ਅੰਤੁ ਨ ਜਾਪੈ ਕੀਤਾ ਆਕਾਰੁ ।

ਅੰਤੁ ਨ ਜਾਪੈ ਪਾਰਾਵਾਰੁ ।

ਅੰਤ ਕਾਰਣਿ ਕੇਤੇ ਬਿਲ ਲਾਹਿ ।

ਤਾਕੇ ਅੰਤ ਨ ਪਾਏ ਜਾਹਿ ।

ਏਹੁ ਅੰਤੁ ਨ ਜਾਣੈ ਕੋਇ ।

ਬਹੁਤਾ ਕਹੀਐ ਬਹੁਤਾ ਹੋਇ ।

ਵਡਾ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਉਚਾ ਥਾਉ ਉਚੇ ਉਪਰਿ  
ਉਚਾ ਨਾਉ ।

ਏਵਡੁ ਉਚਾ ਹੋਵੈ ਕੋਇ ।

The more we talk-the bigger  
doth It grow !

as (I would aver only so much)  
O Infinite !

Thou art Great ! so also Thy  
Name, without limit ! —

If only one could soar—soar  
high !

Then alone could one Thy  
LIMITS, espy !

How GREAT ? yea, Tis but  
known only to Thee

O Nanak, in Thy Grace abou-  
nding, I'm free !

ਤਿਸੁ ਉਚੇ ਕਉ ਜਾਣੈ ਸੋਇ ।

ਜੇਵਡੁ ਆਪਿ ਜਾਣੈ ਆਪਿ ਆਪਿ ।

ਨਾਨਕ ਨਦਰੀ ਕਰਮੀ ਦਾਤਿ ॥24॥



## XXV

# Thy Grace-Abounding

Of Thy Bounty-Infinite, O my  
Lord,

Who can write or so much as  
express ?-

The Greatest-Giver Thou, e'er  
And yet, with not a grain of  
covetousness

How many the Heroes—  
Valiant ?-

The Redoubtable Warriors be;  
How many Thy Seekers-in-  
earnest ?

ਬਹੁਤਾਕਰਮੁ ਲਿਖਿਆ ਨਾ ਜਾਇ ।

ਵਡਾ ਦਾਤਾ ਤਿਲੁ ਨ ਤਮਾਇ ।

ਕੋਤੇ ਮੰਗਹਿ ਜੋਧ ਅਖਾਰ ।

ਕੋਤਿਆ ਗੁਰਤ, ਨਹੀਵੀਚਾਰੁ ।

Seeking-courting !-Thy Deep  
Entity !

How many those Broken-Ones  
Who lost in Sin, do pine  
! and sink ?

How many the Ignominious  
Ones ? -

Receiving Thy Bounties !-yet,  
hoodwink !

How many the idle Gluttons  
be ?-

Who live to eat ! -and do no  
more !

How many those in 'Labrynth'  
lost-

Then of Pain & Hunger, in  
Endless-Store

If only we were to feel -to  
reconsider :

On Thy Great Doings -so  
much as ponder ?

We shall find that e'en this :-  
PAIN-

Why' tis a Great Blessing ?  
(-hence, a Gain !)

And freedom from All-Enco-  
mpassing-Bondage

Is had thus, and into other  
way !-

ਕੇਤੇ ਖਪਿਤੁਹਿ ਵੇਕਾਰ ।

ਕੇਤੇ ਲੈ ਲੈ ਮੁਕਰੁ ਪਾਹਿ ।

ਕੇਤੇ ਮੁਰਖ ਖਾਹੀ ਖਾਹਿ ਆ ।

ਕੇਤਿਆ ਦੂਖ ਭੂਖ ਸਦ ਮਾਰ ।

ਏਹਿ ਭਿ ਦਾਤਿ ਤੇਰੀਦਾਤਰ ।

ਬੰਦਿ ਖਲਾਸੀ ਭਾਣੈਹੋਇ ।

ਹੋਰੁਆਖਿ ਨ ਸਕੈ ਕੋਇ ।

ਜੇਕੋਥਾਇਕੁਆਖਣਿ ਪਾਇ ਓਹੁ ਜਾਣੈ

ਜੇਤੀਆ ਮੁਹਿ ਥਾਇ ।

O we must learn: our little-  
 wills to surrender,  
 to, Thy Hold Commands.  
 Implicitly to obey  
 any recipient of Thy Gifts  
 Great,  
 Were to speak ill of Thee—a  
 Tragic-Travesty !-  
 He will,—of *himself*, soon  
 come to grief !  
 And, thus, eat: —the (self-  
 sought) humble pie !  
 Thou knowest *one*, Thou  
 knowest *all*,  
 O Giver Great ! Thou weigh  
 est and dost give :—  
 Yet—of Thy Mystery-Hidden,  
 few know,—  
 And fewer those who in *This*  
 Consciousness *live*  
 Greater—far greater than all  
 earthly kings  
 Yea, Sovereign of sovereigns  
 is the, —  
 Who is blessed, O Nanak, by  
 Thee,—  
 With the Gift of Praise !—the  
 Highest, verily !

ਆਪੇ ਜਾਣੈ ਆਪੇ ਦੇਇ ।

ਆਖਹਿਸਿ ਭਿ ਕੇਦੀ ਕੇਇ ।

ਜਿਸਨੋ ਬਖਸ਼ੈ ਸਿਫਤਿ ਸਾਲਾਹ ।

ਨਾਨਕ ਪਾਤਿਸ਼ਾਹੀ ਪਾਤਿਸ਼ਾਹੁ ॥25॥



# Thy Values Infinite ! O Lord !

(Where'er in this world, I see—  
Lo ! there are ~~Thy~~ Values Big—  
Transcendently !—

Of These, one may have, at  
least, a foretaste,

Bnt Thy-Values-Infinite ! who  
may estimate ?)

How invaluable Thy Attrib-  
utes manifest ?

How invaluable are they who  
in them do deal ?

How invaluable are thy migh-  
ty Traders-in-love ?

How invaluable their Find ?  
the Stock-under-Seal !

How invaluable those who  
pant for Thee !

Thus absorbed, they come and  
go;

How invaluable those Motives  
Charming,

Where with they are equipped  
and glow !

How invaluable are Thy Laws  
Iron,

Working, in this Court—the  
World-outspread ?

How invaluable are those  
Weights subtle;

ਅਮੁਲ ਗੁਣ-ਅਮੁਲ ਵਾਪਾਰ ।  
ਅਮੁਲ ਵਾਪਾਰੀਏ ਅਮੁਲ ਭੰਡਾਰ ।  
ਅਮੁਲ ਆਵਹਿਅਮੁਲ ਲੈਜਾਹਿ ।  
ਅਮੁਲ ਭਾਇ ਅਮੁਲਾ ਸਮਾਹਿ ।  
ਅਮੁਲ ਧਰਮਅਮੁਲ ਦੀਬਾਣੁ ।  
ਅਮੁਲਤੁਲ ਅਮੁਲ ਪਰਵਾਣੁ ।

Wherewith Thou measusest all  
as if read !

How invaluable are Thy Gifts  
 manifold ?

How invaluable are Thy  
Tokens of Love. true ?

How invaluable is that Circu-  
abounding ?

How invaluable are Thy Com-  
mands, —just & due !

Yea, invaluable is *this* !—  
invaluable *that* !

Who can say or so much as  
tell ?

And those, my Love, who  
follow Thee,

Are lost !—become One with  
Thee !—In—dwell !

The Vedas, Puranas, as also  
other Book,

Try to tell—to impart Thine  
Lore Holy;

Others there be, who in terms  
of Philosophy,

Deliver erudite Sermons,—on  
Thee, truly !

The (Creator:) Brahma, as  
also (great)-Indra,

Of Thee tell, yea, Thy Myste-  
ry unfold !

ਅਮੁਲੁ ਬਖਸੀਸ ਅਮੁਲੁ ਨੀਸਾਣੁ ।

ਅਮੁਲੁਕਰਮੁ ਅਮੁਲੁਫਰਮਾਣੁ ।

ਅਮੁਲੋ ਅਮੁਲੁ ਅਖਿਆ ਨ ਜਾਇ ।

ਅਖਿ ਅਖਿ ਰਹੇ ਲਿਵਲਾਇ ।

ਅਖਹਿ ਵੇਦ ਪਾਠ ਪੁਰਾਣ ।

ਅਖਹਿ ਪੜੇ ਕਰਹਿ ਵਖਿਆਣ ।

ਅਖਹਿ ਬਰਮੇ ਅਖਹਿ ਇੰਦ ।

ਅਖਹਿ ਗੋਪੀ ਤੇ ਗੋਵਿੰਦ ।

ਅਖਹਿਈਸਰ ਅਖਹਿਸਿਧ ।

ਅਖਹਿ ਕੇਤੇ ਕੀਤੇ ਬੁਧ ।

ਅਖਹਿ, ਚਾਨਵ ਅਖਹਿ, ਦੇਵ ।

ਅਖਹਿ ਸੁਰਿਨਰਮੁਨਿ ਜਨ ਸੇਫ ।

So doth the (cowherd Krishna)  
the Govind;

With his Bevy of Milkmaids-  
(untold) !

So doth Shiva; the Master-  
Yogi the Adept,

The Siddhas also of Thee tell  
ezpound !

So doth the Buddha, the  
Enlightened One,

Whom Thou didst create, in  
many a Round !

The Danavas sing Thee, as  
also the Gods—

So do the Elect Ones—many  
a sage,

Who by their Tell-Tale  
Service,

Do Thee manifest !—in each  
& every Age !

Some have sung Thy Glory,  
others just start to do,

Other have had their turn and  
gone !

If to these, be added as many  
more:

Yet, no one could tell us All-  
unspun !

O Thou art Infinite ! so also  
Thy Value-Measure,

And as great as Thou list, O  
Sovereign,

That Thou art !—If any one  
tried to reach Thy End,

O Nanak, he would be a fool !  
a topping one !

ਕੇਤੇ ਆਖਹਿ ਆਖਣਿ ਪਾਹਿ ।

ਕੇਤੇ ਕਹਿ ਕਹਿ ਉਠਿ ਉਠਿ ਜਾਹਿ ।

ਏਤੇ ਕੀਤੇ ਹੋਰਿ ਕਹੇਹਿ ।

ਤਾ ਆਖਿ ਨ ਸਕਹਿ ਕੋਈ ਕੋਇ ।

ਜੇਵਡੁ ਭਾਵੈ ਤੇਵਡੁ ਹੋਇ ।

ਨਾਨਕ ਜਾਣੈ ਸਾਚਾ ਸੋਇ ।

ਜੇਕੋ ਆਖੈ ਬੋਲੁ ਵਿਗਾਵ ।

ਤਾ ਲਿਖੀਐ ਸ਼ਿਰਿ ਗਵਰਾ ਗਾਵਾਰੁ ॥26॥

## SODAR ! THAT PALACE-GOLDEN !

How Indescribably-Beautiful  
is that Gate ?—

How Heavenly the SODAR ?  
—also, That Holy-Mansion?—

Sitting *Where* Thou watchest  
steadfastly—

O Lord !—Thine Whole Crea-  
tion !

There, yea, there ! are struck  
Songs—Sublime !

Many myriad Strains of Eth-  
ereal-Melody !—

Some Male-measures ! others  
Female !—

How many the Singers ?—  
Choristers-Eerie !

To Thee sing all the Gods &  
Goddesses—

Wind, Water and Fire; all,  
o'er & o'er ;

To Thee singeth the Angel of  
Justice—

The Dharmraj—low-seated at  
Thy Door !

To Thee sing all the Recording  
Angels hid;

ਸੋ ਦਰੁ ਕੇਹਾ ਸੋ ਘਰੁ ਕੇਹਾ ਜਿਤੁ ਬਹਿ  
ਸਰਬ ਸਮਾਲੇ ।

ਵਾਜੇ ਨਾਦ ਅਨੇਕ ਅਸੰਖਾ ਕੇਤੇ  
ਵਾਵਣਹਾਰੇ ।

ਕੇਤੇ ਰਾਗ ਪਰੀ ਸਿਉ ਕਹੀਅਨਿ ਕੇਤੇ  
ਗਾਵਣਹਾਰੇ ।

ਗਾਵਹਿ ਤੁਹਨੋ ਪਉਣੁ ਪਾਣੀ  
ਬੈਸੰਤਰੁ ਗਾਵੈ ਰਾਜਾ ਧਰਮੁ ਦੁਆਰੇ ।

The Chitrgupts—who know  
 to write & weigh ;  
 And whose Script-Inscrutable,  
 aye,—  
 Is! by the Judegment-God  
 usedha ! Surest Array !  
 To Thee sing the (foremost)  
 Angels :  
 Gods Brahma, Shiva,—as also  
 (their) *Devi*—  
 The Creator, the Destroyer—  
 & the Executrix—  
 Who shine in *Thine* Reflected  
 Glory !  
 To Thee singeth the O'erlord  
 King of Gods :  
*Indra*,—with all His-God-Attendant,  
 Seated Lordly at His Mighty  
 Throne,  
 —Yet, at *Thine* Door: *Sodar*,  
 suppliant !  
 To Thee sing all Sidhas: Master-Adepts—  
 All deeply sunk—in Abstruse  
 Meditation !  
 To Thee sing Seers, Saints—  
 one & all,—  
 Rapt well in Holy Contemplation !

ਗਾਵਹਿ ਚਿਤ੍ਰ ਕੁਪਤੁ ਲਿਖਿ ਜਾਣਹਿ  
 ਲਿਖਿਲਿਖਿ ਧਰਮੁ ਵੀਚਾਰੇ ।

ਗਾਵਹਿ ਈਸਰੁ ਬਰਮਾ ਦੇਵੀ ਸੋਹਨਿ ਸਦਾ  
 ਸਵਾਰੇ ।

ਗਾਵਹਿ ਇੰਦਰਾਸ਼ਣਿ ਬੈਠੇ ਦੇਵਤਿਆ  
 ਦਰਿ ਨਾਲੇ ।

ਗਾਵਹਿ ਸਿਧ ਸ਼ਮਾਧੀ ਅੰਦਰਿ ਗਾਵਨਿ  
 ਸਾਧ ਵਿਚਾਰੇ ।

To Thee sing the Continent  
Ones Holy:—

The Ascetics who live in Dis-  
cipline True;

To Thee sing all the Warriors—  
Great—

Who are most redoubtable—  
the Few !

To Thee sing all the Learned  
Ones:

Yea, Wise ones *Pandits*, of  
all Ages;

To Thee sing Seers,—those at  
the top,

Whose Wisdom lights Endless  
Line of Sages !

To Thee sing Fairies & Nymphs  
unseen,—

Whose glimpse is a Feast unto  
the Eye,—

To Thee sing all Regions Three  
Heaven, Earth & Nether Reg-  
ion !—in a tie !

To Thee sing those Gems of  
gems,

By Thee up-churned from the  
Heart's Hid Sea !

To Thee sing all Places of Pil-  
grimage

Numbering no less than Eight  
& Sixty !

ਗਾਵਨਿ ਜਤੀ ਸਤੀ ਸਤੋਖੀ ਗਾਵਹਿ ਵੀਰ  
ਕਰਾਰੇ ।

ਗਾਵਨਿ ਪੰਡਿਤ ਪੜਨਿ ਰਖੀਸਰ ਜੁਗੁ  
ਜੁਗੁ ਵੇਦਾ ਨਾਲੇ ।

ਗਾਵਹਿ ਮੋਹਣੀਆਮਨੁ ਮੋਹਨਿ ਸੁਰਗਾ  
ਮਛਪਦਿਆਲੇ ।

ਗਾਵਨਿ ਰਤਨ ਓਪਾਏ ਤੇਰੇ ਅਠਸਠਿ  
ਤੀਰਥ ਨਾਲੇ ।

To Thee sing all Warriors  
Outstanding

Who are mellowed by experi-  
ence-ripe ;

To Thee sing all Thy King-  
doms Four

Covering all manifold Forms  
of Life !

To Thee sing all the Earthly  
Continents Big—

Nay, all Galaxies Grand, &  
Universes ;

To Thee sing these—yea, One  
& All,

For Thou createst them, keep-  
est & nurses !

They sing Thee best, who  
*please Thee well* —

Who live, move, nay, dwell  
in Thee:

Many more there be !—innu-  
merable they !

O Nanak, — how can their  
little Count be ?

ਗਾਵਹਿ ਜੋਧ ਮਹਾਬਲ ਸੂਰਾ ਗਾਵਹਿ ਖਾਣੀ  
ਚਾਰੇ ।

ਗਾਵਹਿ ਖੰਡ ਮੰਡਲ ਵਰਭੰਡਾ ਕਰਿ ਕਰਿ  
ਰਖੇ ਧਾਰੇ

ਸੇਈ ਤੁਧੁ ਨੋ ਗਾਵਹਿ ਜੋ ਤੁਧੁ ਭਾਵਨਿ  
ਰਤੇ ਤੇਰੇਭਗਤ ਰਸਾਲੇ ।

ਹੋਰਿ ਕੋਤੇ ਗਾਵਨਿ ਸੋ, ਮੈ ਚਿਤਿ ਨ  
ਆਵਨਿ, ਨਾਨਕੁ ਕਿਆ ਵੀਚਾਰੇ ।



The Aforesaid One ! yea. the  
Aforesaid One !

True—the Lord !—ye, True  
Eternally—

Thou also is Thy Name, Thy  
Essence-Primal)!

Which Self-Struck, Near Ceas-  
eth-to-be)

He is ! He was ! and shall e'er  
be :—

Yea, He'll cease to be ne'er !

All that is,—of diverse hues &  
forms,

Thou dost create : through  
Thy *Maya*—e'er !

The Creator Thou ! age, creat-  
ing-endlessly !

What Thou makest, Thou  
keepest under Thy Eye,

And as Thou listeth so are  
they !—

Each subservient to Thy Wis-  
dom-High !

Yea, Thou dost, as Thou list-  
eth,—

None may so much as, unto  
Thee suggest,

Ours is but to do Thy Will, O  
Nanak,

For, Thou art King of kings!-  
the Highest !

ਸੋਈ ਸੋਈ ਸਦਾ ਸਚੁ ਸਾਹਿਬੁ ਸਾਚਾ  
ਸਾਚੀ ਨਾਈ ।

ਹੈ ਭੀ ਹੋਸੀ ਜਾਇ ਨ ਜਾਸੀ ਰਚਨਾ  
ਜਿਨਿ ਰਚਾਈ ।

ਰੰਗੀ ਰੰਗੀ ਭਾਤੀ ਕਰਿ ਕਰਿ ਜਿਨਸੀ  
ਮਾਇਆ ਜਿਨਿ ਉਪਾਈ ।

ਕਰਿ ਕਰਿ ਵੇਖੇ ਕੀਤਾ ਆਪਣਾ ਜਿਵ  
ਤਿਸਦੀ ਵਡਿਆਈ ।

ਜੇ ਤਿਸੁ ਭਾਵੇ ਸੋਈ ਕਰਸੀ ਹੁਕਮੁ ਨ  
ਕਰਣਾ ਜਾਈ ।

ਸੋ ਪਾਤਿਸਾਹੁ ਸਾਹਾ ਪਾਤਿ ਸਾਹਿਬੁ ਨਾਨਕ  
ਰਹਣੁ ਰਜਾਈ ॥27॥



# Old Exploded Yoga & new !

Of what avail are Thy ear-rings, O hermit ?

Better far if thy Mind is with  
*Contentment* lit;

Of what use is thy begging-bowl-bursting ?

Let, *Humbleness* Supplant it--  
with *Respect*, -knit !

Of what use is it, O Yogi, thy  
body to rub :-

With Ashes-gray ! if thy Mind  
is not *Melting Mood* ?

Of what use is thy patched-  
quilt-tattered ?

If it does not remind Thee of  
*Death* !—Thy *Moving Shroud* !

Why should you, O thirsting  
Yogi, single be.

Let Thy Self remain 'Virgin'-  
*Ineffably Pure* !

Thus, alone mayst Thou conquer  
shocks all,

And let the *Guru-Given-Nam*  
be thy *Staff-Secure* !

ਮੁੰਦਾ ਸੰਤੋਖੁ ਸਰਮੁ ਪਤੁ ਬੋਲੀ ਧਿਆਨਕੀ  
ਕਰਹਿ ਬਿਭੂਤਿ ।

ਬਿਥਾਕਾਲੁ ਕੁਆਰੀ ਕਾਇਆ ਚੁਗਤਿ  
ਡੰਡਾ ਪਰਤੀਤਿ ।

ਆਈ ਪੰਥੀਸਗਲਜਮਾਤੀ ਮਨਿ ਜੀਰੇ  
ੴ ਜੀ ॥

Why carve out, O Yogi, for  
tLee a Niche-Hidden ?

et Thy *Ai*-Panth be All-  
*Humanity-in-One*,  
And if only thou, wouldst  
conquer thy 'self',

Lo ! Thou wouldst have conqu-  
ered all world !-asudden !

All hail, all hali; le'ts to thee,  
all-hail !

The Being-Primal: 'COLOUR-  
LESS', the First-to-set-sail.

Without any Beginning & with  
out any End !

Self-stablished e'er !--in every  
Age—Glistened !

ਅਦੇਸੁ ਤਿਸੈ ਆ ਸੇਸੁ ।

ਅਦਿ ਅਨੀਲੁ ਅਨਾਦਿ ਅਨਾਹਤਿ ਜਗੁ  
ਜਗੁ ਦੇਕੋ ਵੇਸੁ ॥28॥



## XXIX

### Thirst for Miracles !—False !

O Seeker-after-Truth, if thou  
wouldst find:

The Secret of Secrets !—the  
Deepest Mystery Behind !—

Then, make thou, *Knowledge*  
*Divine* : Thy Hcly Victual,

And let Fellow-Feeling-Uni-  
versal be thy Cook-effectual !

In thy own heart, lo ! in thy  
Cell -within !—

ਬੁਗਤਿ ਗਿਆਨੁ ਦਇਆ ਭੰਡਾਰਣਿ ਘਟਿ  
ਘਟਿਵਾਜਹਿਨਾਦ ।

O thou That Great Name—  
Unchanted, *Listen !*

Thy Nath, Lord of the lords  
Himself, shall be,

The One ; in Whom all is  
astrung !—verily !

All those Powers-Miraculous,  
yea, 'Fads' -High,

The "*Ridh-Sidhs*", for which  
Yogis thirst & try—

Let them be relegated to back-  
ground—a-thurst !

For, are they not Temptations  
our Foes, at worst !

And in this Cosmorama: the  
World, that we see,

We come near or part:—by  
Self-Made-Destiny !

Thus, we reap but what we  
sow—no more !

And the Wheel of Destiny  
revolveth any End :

All hail, all hail, let's to Thee  
all-hail !

The Being-Primal; 'COLOUR  
LESS', the First-to-set-sail !

Without any Beginning &  
without any End :

Self-stablished e'er ;—in every  
Age—Glistened :-

ਆਪਿਨਾਥੁ ਨਾਥੀ ਸਭ ਜਾ ਕੀ ਰਿਧਿ  
ਸਿਧਿ ਅਵਰਾ ਸਾਦੁ ।

ਸੰਜੋਗੁ ਵਿਜੋਗੁ ਦੁਇਕਾਰ ਚਲਾਵਹਿ ਲੇਖੇ  
ਆਵਹਿ ਭਾਗ ।

ਆਦੇਸੁ ਤਿਸੈ ਆਦੇਸੁ ।

ਆਦਿ ਅਨੀਲੁ ਅਨਾਦਿ ਅਨਾਹਤਿ ਜੁਗ  
ਜੁਗੁ ਏਕੋ ਵੇਸੁ ॥29॥

# No Trinity, but Unity !

One more Mystery, mark,

O Striving Man !

I o ! 'Great Mother ! "One"  
Energy--Universal"--scan ! -

By 'conjunction' with (the  
Male), there cometh to be,  
Persons Prominent'-Disciples  
Blessed-Three !

Out of these, One is the  
Maker, giving us all,  
(Forms and Shapes varied:  
big and small);

The Second giveth us the  
Wherewithal--to--be;

The Third cometh as a judge,  
lo! to cut abruptly !

They are Thy Children !

O Lord,-- on--High !

'Tis for them to ! do Thy  
will--to comply !

Thou lookest on them--on  
all--from ! on er !

They do not see Thee, ha !  
this is Won. r of wonders !

All hail, all hail, let's to  
Thee, all-hail !

The Being-Primal: 'COLOUR-  
LESS', the First-to-set-sail !

Without and Beginning &  
without any End !

Self--stablished e'er in every  
'Age--Glistened !

ਏਕਾ ਮਾਈ ਜੁਗਤਿ ਵਿਆਈ ਤਿਨਿ ਚੇਲੇ  
ਪਰਵਾਣੁ ॥

ਇਕੁ ਸੰਸਾਰੀ ਇਕੁ ਭੰਡਾਰੀ ਇਕੁ ਲਾਏ  
ਦੀਬਾਣੁ ॥

ਜਿਵ ਤਿਸੁ ਭਾਵੈ ਤਿਵੈ ਚਲਾਵੈ ਜਿਵ ਹੋਵੈ  
ਫੁਰਮਾਣੁ ॥

ਓਹੁ ਵੇਖੈ ਓਨਾ ਨਦਰਿ ਨ ਆਵੈ ਬਹੁਤਾ  
ਏਹੁ ਵਿਡਾਣੁ ॥

ਆਦੇਸੁ ਤਿਸੈ ਆਦੇਸੁ ।

ਆਦਿ ਅਨੀਲੁ ਅਨਾਦਿ ਅਨਾਦਿ ਜੁਗੁ  
ਜੁਗੁ ਏਕੋ ਵੇਸੁ ॥30॥

# In One 'Day' Lo! All was Finished!

O Seeker---after---God I do  
 thou, further, listen ;  
 This World is all one ! but  
 One—Victualling---Station !  
 And all that is, and is yet  
 to be  
 Was put in Once !—but  
 once—aye, see !

Having made It, O Lord, Thou  
 dost keep Thy Eye ;  
 On Thy Handiwork !; (cr  
 else, would it not fly !)  
 And whatsoe'er is, or e'er  
 shall be,  
 Is Real ! O Nanak, True  
 eternally !

All hail, all hail, let's to  
 Thee, all--hail ;  
 The being—Primal; COLOUR  
 LESS', the First-to-set-sail:  
 Without any Beginning &  
 without any End -  
 Self-stablished e'er:—in every  
 Age : Glistened !—

ਆਸਣੁ ਲੋਇ ਲੋਇ ਭੇਡਾਰ ॥  
 ਜੋ ਕਿਛੁ ਪਾਇਆ ਸੁ ਏਕਾ ਵਾਰ ॥  
 ਕਰਿ ਕਰਿ ਵੇਖੈ ਸਿਰਜਣਹਾਰੁ ॥  
 ਨਾਨਕ ਸਚੇ ਕੀ ਸਚੀ ਕਾਰ ॥  
 ਆਦੇਸੁ ਤਿਸੈ ਆਦੇਸੁ ਆਦਿ ਅਨੀਲੁ  
 ਅਨਾਦਿ ਅਨਾਹਤਿ ਜਗੁ ਜਗੁ ਏਕੋ  
 ਵੇਸੁ ॥੩੧॥

## Two Blessed 'Wings:' Grace & Simran!

One little tongue  
mine, multiplied,—  
And it become a mounting-  
million!

And, if Reduplication  
continued,—

Turning it ! o, ! into  
(Thundering)--Trillion !

Yet with each such tongue,  
I would chant :

Thy Name--Blessed ! O Lord  
of the World !

For, in this way, to Thee,  
we do ascend—

And, ascending, into Thee  
are absorbed !

Hearing these Tidings—  
Gladsome News !—

Of Thy Union—, yea of Thee,  
E'ky--High !

E'en the 'worms' wish to imitate  
the Hawks :

Wishing without "wings"  
—Heavenwards to fly !

But, O Nanak, not until  
Thy Grace Divine,  
Down-delveth from Thy  
Throne-Sublime,

Can this seeming--Miracle  
be wrought : aye !

What others say, O Nanak,—  
leadeth but astray !

ਇਕ ਦੂ ਜੀਭੋ ਲਖ ਹੋਹਿ ਲਖ ਹੋਵਹਿ  
ਲਖਵੀਸ ॥

ਲਖੁ ਲਖੁ ਹੋੜਾ ਆਖੀਅਹਿ ਏਕੁ ਨਾਮੁ  
ਜਗਦੀਸ ॥

ਏਤੁ ਰਾਹਿ ਪਤਿ ਪਵੜੀਆ ਚੜੀਐ ਹੋਹਿ  
ਇਕੀਸ ॥

ਸੁਣਿ ਗਲਾ ਅਕਾਸੁ ਕੀ ਕੀਟਾ ਆਈ  
ਰੀਸ ॥

ਨਾਨਕ ਨਦਰੀ ਪਾਈਐ ਕੂੜੀ ਕੂੜੇ  
ਠੀਸ ॥32॥

# All Equal e'er !-True Democracy !

Of ourselves, we have no  
Power, (O Lord :)  
To be tongue-tied, or else  
to talk:

Of ourselves, we have no  
Power, (O Lord :)  
To give augh', to beg, or,  
so much as ask !

Of ourselves, we have no  
Power (O Sire,)  
To live [as long as we list],  
or to give up the ghost ;

Of ourselves, we have no  
power (O King,)  
To reign or to get wealth !  
Twin-Idle Boast !

Of ourselves, we have no  
Power, (O Sovereign :)  
To sift, to see--to explore and  
find ;

Of ourselves, we have no  
Power (O Giver)  
To discover the NAM,—  
leaving 'Earthliness' behind !

Thou who hath this Power—  
to be sure

Dost see us all: whether far  
or near !

And if from This High  
Pedestal, we do see:

Lo! Nanak, None is High or  
Lowf—none can e'er be !

ਆਖਣਿ ਜੋਰੁ ਤੁਪੈ ਨਹੁ ਜੋਰੁ ॥

ਜੋਰੁ ਨ ਮੰਗਣਿ ਦੇਣਿ ਨ ਜੋਰੁ ॥

ਜੋਰੁ ਨ ਜੀਵਣਿ ਮਰਣਿ ਨਹੁ ਜੋਰੁ ॥

ਜੋਰੁ ਨ ਰਾਜਿ ਮਾਲਿ ਮਨਿਸੋਰੁ ॥

ਜੋਰੁ ਨ ਸੁਰਤੀ ਗਿਆਨਿ ਵੀਰਾਇ ॥

ਜੋਰੁ ਨ ਜੁਗਤੀ ਛੁਟੈ ਸੰਸਾਰੁ ॥

ਜਿਸੁ ਹਥਿ ਜੋਰੁ ਕਰਿ ਵੇਖੈ ਸੋਇ ॥

ਨਾਨਕ ਉਤਮੁ ਨੀਚੁ ਨ ਕੋਟਿ ॥33॥

# Five Heavenly Kingdoms ! THE REALM OF DUTY !

In this Mighty Cosmorama,  
—lo ! before the Eye!  
Mark Twins: Day (& Night),  
—how they ply?  
The Sun & Moon, coming  
—alterately in turn,  
Bring seasons into play:  
Time's Ocean do churn !

The Wind, Water & Fire—  
the Three together play,  
The Nether Region is hid—  
lo ! far off—away !  
And likewise is the Region  
Upper the Higher,  
In between the Two is;  
Mother, Earth, Aslumber !

This is DHARAMSHAL :  
Theatre of Verity!—all-True  
Here living beings are,—  
each of different hue :  
Untold Its Contents: Its  
Number who can tell?  
Each working up his own  
Destiny—as he can well!

ਰਾਤੀ ਰੁਤੀ ਥਿਤੀ ਵਾਰ ॥  
ਪਵਣ ਪਾਣੀ ਅਗਨੀ ਪਾਤਾਲ ॥  
ਤਿਸੁ ਵਿਚਿ ਧਰਤੀ ਬਹਿ ਰਖੀ  
ਧਰਮਸਾਲ ॥  
ਤਿਸੁ ਵਿਚਿ ਜੀਅ ਜੁਗਤਿ ਕੇ ਰੋਗ ॥  
ਤਿਨਕੇ ਨਾਮ ਅਨੇਕ ਅਨੰਤ ॥

They are adjudged,—all, by  
what they do,

Each act leaveth its own  
impress !—its Clue !

True art Thou, O Lord, O  
Judge-Sublime !

True Thā Court Perfect !—  
All World, in fine !—

'Tis the Elect Ones—the  
PANCHES—who are :

The Seers-Blest, Leaders  
True: All on a Par !

From Thy Grace—Dripping,  
from Thy Self there,—

Lo ! an Imprint is made—  
of Thy NAM—to be sure !

Thus, the raw ones ripen—  
nay, do glisten,

They are Transfigured !—  
without and within !

But of this Mysterious Spirit  
NAM ! they KNOW,

Who to This—Thy First Great  
Kingdom--gol

Such is DHARAMKHAND  
—the KINGDOM-FIRST,

Wherein the Guiding Motive  
'is 'Duty',—Right-a-thurst !

Let's on to the Second  
Kingdom go:—

To GVANKHAND !— where  
Intuition doth glow ! !

ਕਰਮੀ ਕਰਮੀ ਹੋਇ ਵੀਚਾਰੁ ॥

ਸਚਾ ਆਪਿ ਸਚਾ ਦੇਰਖਾਰੁ ॥

ਤਿਥੈ ਸੋਹਨਿ ਪੰਚ ਪਰਵਾਨੁ ॥

ਨਦਰੀ ਕਰਮਿ ਪਵੈ ਨੀਸਾਣੁ ॥

ਕਚ ਪੜਾਈ ਉਥੈ ਪਾਇ ॥

ਨਾਨਕ ਗਇਆ ਜਾਪੈ ਜਾਇ ॥34॥

# The Realm of Enlightenment !

## II

In this Realm, Lo ! there  
are Forms Most Subtle--  
Of Wind, Water & Fire !—  
each with its Brooding—  
Bustle ?

many Kr'shana (the  
Cowherd) ?—& Shiva-Inrapt?  
How many the Brahama ?—  
in Colourful—Creative—Tact !

How many the World of  
Action?—and Meru [—Golden  
How many the Pivot-Star:  
DHRUA, the key e'er of  
Instruction !

How many the Sun ? how  
many, lo ! the Moon ?

How many Gods INDRA—  
(each seated on Throne !)

How many the Orbs—Heavenly  
(in Galaxies out-stretched)?

How many Continents Big,—  
Yea, Earth-Fractured !

How many Sidhs, Budhs,  
Naths? yea, the Mother ?—

How many the Devi—female  
Energy, E'er-Astir !

ਧਰਮ ਖੰਡ ਕਾ ਏਹੋ ਧਰਮੁ ॥

ਗਿਆਨ ਖੰਡ ਕਾ ਆਖਹੁ ਕਰਮੁ ॥

ਕੇਤੇ ਪਵਣ ਪਾਣੀ ਵੈਸੰਤਰ ਕੇਤੇ ਕਾਨ  
ਮਹੇਸ ॥

ਕੇਤੇ ਬਰਮੇ ਘਾੜਤਿ ਘੜੀਅਹਿ ਰੂਪ ਰੰਗ  
ਕੇ ਵੇਸ ॥

ਕੇਤੀਆ ਕਰਮ ਭੂਮੀ ਮੇਰ ਕੇਤੇ ਧੂ  
ਉਪਦੇਸ ॥

How many Gods ? how many  
their Foes—in Twain ?

How many the Munis ; Silent  
Ones, so sane !

How many the Gems—Holy,  
churned out of the Sea—

(Yea, from Heart-within !—in  
Holy Ecstasy !)

How many Carries—Subtle—  
Outer & Inner !

How many Forms of the  
WORD ?—We all do utter !

How many Long Lines of  
Kings--Ruling Hierarchy !

How many Seers & Sages,  
O Nanak, no End, verily !

[Such is GYAN KHAND,  
the Realm Holy

Wherein Light filtereth, from  
Above, slowly, !

And then, Lo! many a Vista  
is revealed:

Of Infinite this & that !—Yea  
All--unsealed !]

ਕੇਤੇ ਇੰਦ, ਚੰਦ ਸੂਰ, ਕੇਤੇ ਕੇਤੇ ਮਡਲ  
ਦੇਸ ॥

ਕੇਤੇ ਸ੍ਰਿਧ ਬੁਧ ਨਾਥ ਕੇਤੇ ਦੇਵੀ ਵੇਸ ॥

ਕੇਤੇ ਦੇਵ ਦਾਨਵ ਮੁਨਿ ਕੇਤੇ ਕੇਤੇ ਚੁੜਨ  
ਸਮੁੰਦ ॥

ਕੇਤੀਆ ਖਾਣੀ ਕੇਤੀਆ ਬਾਣੀ ਕੇਤੇ ਪਾਤ  
ਨਰਿੰਦ ॥

ਕੇਤੀਆ ਸੂਰਤੀ ਸੇਵਕ ਕੇਤੀ ਨਾਨਕ ਅੰਤੁ  
ਨ ਅੰਤੁ ॥35॥

## The Realm of Beauty !

Higher still is SARAM-  
KHAND-the Kingdom Three  
Which is That !—One of NAM  
Laved-Humility !

Herein is most Exquisite Trans-  
formation Wrought !—

Yea, BEAUTY-Divine is, by  
the Holy Word, in-caught !

Who can describe This New  
Change, or fully tell ?—

This Change-Transfiguring !  
which here doth dwell !—

He who attempteth to describe  
This the--Same :

Falleth back, and repenteth !—  
in utter shame !

Herein are fashioned, Yea,  
one be one :

All Faculties Inner : Reason  
& Intuition--

Then, Lo ! Perfect Understand-  
ing also doth Dawn !

Which is the Word's--Own-  
Ferment ! in Operation !

ਗਿਆਨ ਖੰਡ ਮਹਿ ਗਿਆਨੁ ਪਰਚੰਡੁ ॥

ਤਿਥੈ ਨਾਦ ਬਿਨੋਦ ਕੋਡ ਅਨੰਦੁ ॥

ਸਰਬ ਖੰਡ ਕੀ ਬਾਣੀ ਰੂਪੁ ॥

ਤਿਥੈ ਘਾਤਤਿ ਘੜੀਐ ਬਹੁਤੁ ਅਨੂਪੁ ॥

ਤਾਕੀਆ ਗਲਾ ਕਬੀਆ ਨਾ ਜਾਹਿ ॥

ਜੇਕੋ ਕਹੈ ਪਿਛੈ ਪਛੁਤਾਇ ॥

More; here-- is unveiled  
 That Vision-Sublime,  
 To Which the Siddhs!--the  
 Perfect Ones!--do climb!--  
 Yea, herein is manufactured  
 that Transfigured Mentality:-  
 That of Gods And Angles !  
 the Masters-that-be !!

ਤਿਥੇ ਘੜੀਐ ਸੁਰਤਿ ਮਤਿ ਮਨਿ ਖੁਪਿ ॥  
 ਤਿਥੇ ਘੜੀਐ ਸੁਰਾ ਸਿਧਾ ਕੀ  
 ਸੁਪਿ ॥36॥

### XXXVII

## The Realm of Divine Action !

Still, higher is the KARM-  
 KHAND : Kingdom Fourth-  
 That of Activity-Divine !  
 Selfless-FIAT !-in sooth !  
 Herein, Lo ! the Conscious-  
 ness of NAM is so intense-  
 That All becometh ONE !—  
 None Else ! in Every Sense !

ਕਰਮ ਖੰਡ ਕੀ ਬਾਣੀ ਜੋਰੁ ॥  
 ਤਿਥੇ ਹੋਰੁ ਨ ਕੋਈ ਹੋਰੁ ॥  
 ਤਿਥੇ ਜੋਧ ਮਹਾਬਲ ਸੂਰ ॥  
 ਤਿਨ ਮਹਿ ਰਾਮੁ ਰਹਿਆ ਭਰ

In this Realm-Superlative,  
 those Warriors alone be !  
 Who are Mighty-Most ! Re-  
 doubtable Ones, verily !  
 The Cup of their Heart is,  
 ha !, With Love,-Abrim—  
 Yea, With Holy Fervour,—  
 They're, e'er, A-trim !

Each and every one who in  
this Realm doth live,

Is flooded with Ecstasy !-Thy  
Praises dost give :

Thus Wonderfully Knit ; (—  
*Sita—Sita*) Within & without

Who can describe their glory?  
—or attributes count ?

Death for them is no more !  
—Yea, ne'er, ne'er !

No more are they waylaid, or  
side-tracked,—e'er !

In this Fervour Holy—they are  
—they continue to be !

For, are they not saturated  
with Holiest Energy ?

And in the Realm of Realms !  
—aye, to be sure,

Are many a Devotee—from  
each & every Quarter !

And in their Heart of heart,  
Lo ! there e'er is :

The Joy of Joys—Supreme !-  
Yea, Unending—Bliss !

ਤਿਥੈ ਸੀਤੋ ਸੀਤਾ ਮਹਿਮਾ ਮਾਹਿ ॥

ਤਾ ਕੇ ਰੂਪ ਨ ਕਥਨੇ ਜਾਹਿ ॥

ਨਾ ਉਹਿ ਮਰਹਿ ਨ ਠਾਗੇ ਜਾਹਿ ॥

ਜਿਨ ਕੇ ਰਾਮੁ ਵਸੈ ਮਨ ਮਹਿ ॥

ਤਿਥੈ ਭਗਤ ਵਸਹਿ ਕੇ ਲੋਅ ॥

ਕਰਹਿ ਅਨੰਦ ਸਚਾ ਮਨਿ ਸੋਇ ॥

Highest than all is the SRI-  
SACHKHAND-Sublime.

The REALM OF REALITY !

Above all Time !

Herein lo ! dwelleth the FOR-  
MLESS-ONE. eternally,

The NIRANKAR ! from all  
outline, free !

From Thee, O Infinite, come,  
yea, up-surge !

Forms endless !—in one Mig-  
hty Urge !

And all that is, and is yet to  
be,

Thou dost love, lave !—con-  
tinuest to see :

Out of Thee are fashioned  
worlds—evolved, verily :

Continents-countless, Universes  
and Galaxies !

Who can count them, aye, who  
can, tell ?

To count this Infinity is idle !  
—wholly futile !

In Thee, (O Formless One !)

“Seeds” are e’er—

ਸਚ ਖੰਡਿ ਵਸੈ ਨਿਰੰਕਾਰੁ ॥

ਕਰਿ ਕਹਿ ਵੇਖੈ ਨਦਰਿ ਨਿਹਾਲ ॥

ਤਿਥੈ ਖੰਡ ਮੰਡਲ ਵਰਭੰਡ ॥

ਜੇਕੋ ਕਹੈ ਤ ਅੰਤ ਨ ਅੰਤ ॥

"Seeds-Primal" : "Ideas", the  
"Archetypes" Pure !

Of this, that and each World-  
yea, of one & all,

As Thou ordainest, so are  
they ! (big and small !)

Thou seest them all, overseeth  
them, yea, e'er,—

Judging them ceaselessly, los-  
ing sight of 'em, ne'er—

—This Reality Most Deep !  
O Nanak, who can tell ?

ਤਿਖੈ ਲੋਅ ਲੋਅ ਆਕਾਹ ॥

ਜਿਵ ਜਿਵ ਹੁਕਮੁ ਤਿਵੈ ਤਿਵ ਕਾਰ ॥

ਵੇਖੈ ਵਿਗਸੈ ਕਰ ਵੀਚਾਰੁ ॥

ਨਾਨਕ ਕਬਨਾ ਕਰੜਾ ਸਾਰੁ ॥37॥

### XXXVIII

## The Nam Had ! in Heart !

If thou wouldst This Holy  
WORD: the Nam, discover,  
Let Self-Control be thy "Smi-  
thy", in Heart's Own  
Chamber !

And let the "Holy Smith",  
your tried-Fortitude be,  
The Anvil of anvils will be  
Wisdom—thy trusted Key !

On thine Mind, hammer thou  
the Holy Word:  
Yea, with *Veda*, which is Lore  
of Light-inherited !

ਜਤ ਪਾਹਾਰਾ ਧੀਰਜੁ ਸੁਨਿਆਰੁ ॥

ਅਹਰਣਿ ਮਤਿ ਵੇਦੁ ਹਥਿਆਰੁ ॥

Let the Fear of Lord, thy true  
 'Bellow be,  
 The Fire of Suffering will,  
 then, set thee Free !

And in the Crucible of Self,  
 fill in Love : All-a-Red !—  
 Thus, Holy Nectar—NAM—  
 will get in—IN-SET !

Lo ! then will shoot up-Up-  
 heave—that WORD-HID,  
 When to thy efforts is coupled:  
 Holy-Grace-Bid !

This is the Holiest Mint—All-  
 Sublime,  
 This Holy of Holies !—engul-  
 fing all Time !  
 This Work Holy—a Miracle—  
 is wrought e'er ;—  
 Set In Motion, O Nanak, by  
 GRACE A-stir !

ਭਉ ਖਲਾ ਅਗਨਿ ਤਪਤਾਉ ॥  
 ਭਾਂਡਾ ਭਾਉ ਅੰਮ੍ਰਿਤੁ ਤਿਤੁ ਢਾਲਿ ॥  
 ਘੜੀਐ ਸਥਦੁ ਸਚੀ ਟਕਸਾਲ ॥  
 ਸਿਨ ਕਉ ਨਦਰਿ ਕਰਮੁ ਤਿਨਕਾਰ ॥  
 ਨਾਨਕ ਨਦਰੀ ਨਦਰਿ ਟਿਹਾਲ ॥੩੮॥

## Shlok : The End !

They who have the Inner-Ear :

Do, do, verily—This Hear !—

Yea: the NAM !—by “AIR”

Stirred !

And by the Guru e'er and e'er,  
deciphered !

HO ! this 'Air,' our 'Master'  
is !—

Water ! givest us the Fatherly  
Kiss !—

And, O Earth ! thou art our  
Big-Mother !

—The Most Venerable-Entity-  
Nether !

Day & Night ! Lo !—ye our  
Nurses be,

In your Embrace, we do play  
—in glee !

Good and Bad are weighed  
e'er and e'er—

By the Dharm Raj in his  
Scales-Clever !

As we sow, so do we reap—

Thus, wer's Far or Near !—

(-why to weep) ?—

ਪਵਤੁ ਗੁਰੂ ਪਾਣੀ ਪਿਤਾ ਮਾਤਾ ਧਰਤਿ  
ਮਹਤੁ ॥

ਦਿਵਸੁ ਰਾਤਿ ਦੁਇ ਦਾਈ ਦਾਇਆ  
ਖੇਲੈ ਸਗਲ ਜਗਤੁ ॥

ਚੰਗਿਆਈਆ ਬੁਰਿਆਈਆ ਵਾਰੈ  
ਧਰਮੁ ਹਦੂਰਿ ॥

(Are not Both Linked ? ha !—  
allied, aye,  
(They show but relative dist-  
ances away !)

But those, (on the other hand,)  
who discover,  
Thy Name !—Cut the Gordian  
Knot asunder !  
And, so doing, all their Labour  
is O'er—  
The Wheel (of Karma) moveth  
for them, no more !

Behold their faces ! Lo !—  
beaming e'er bright—  
Holy ! Heavenly ! like Noon-  
day,-light ! !  
Many a One ! (yea, many more  
there be)  
Who, O Nanak, with them are  
set free ! !

ਕਰਮੀ ਆਪੋ ਆਪਣੀ ਕੇ ਨੇੜੇ ਕੇ ਦੂਰਿ ॥  
ਜਿਨਿ ਨਾਮੁ ਧਿਆਇਆ ਗਏ ਮਸਕਤਿ  
ਘਾਲਿ ॥  
ਨਾਨਕ ਤੇ ਮੁਖ ਉਜਲੇ ਕੇਤੀ ਛੁਟੀ  
ਨਾਲਿ ॥੧॥

